











EAST INDIA COMPANIES' FLAG
1600



FLAG OF "THE UNION" OR
THE "CAMBRIDGE FLAG"
JAN., 2, 1776



THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES



ADOPTED BY THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS
JUNE 14, 1777



FLAG-MAY 1, 1795
FLAG OF 15 STARS AND STRIPES

The Flag of Our Country



By
James Rush Bronson

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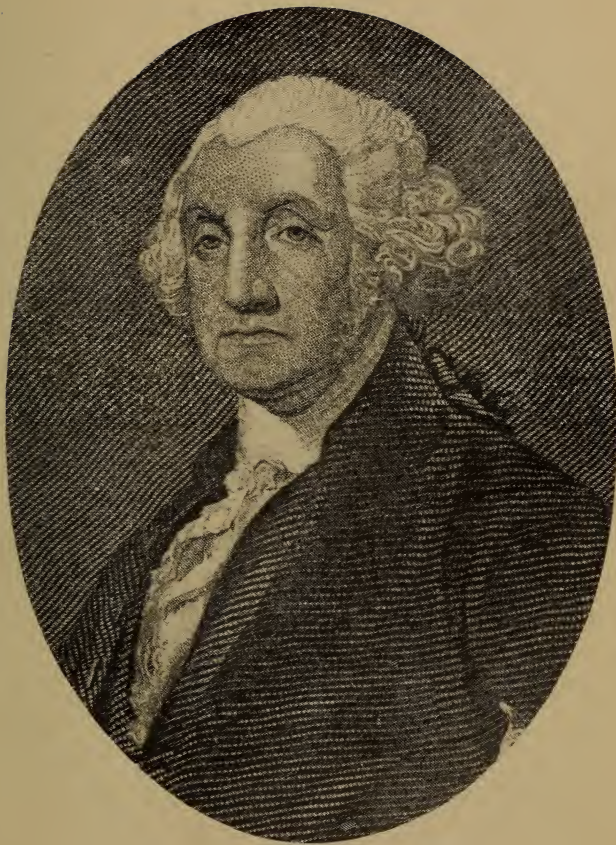
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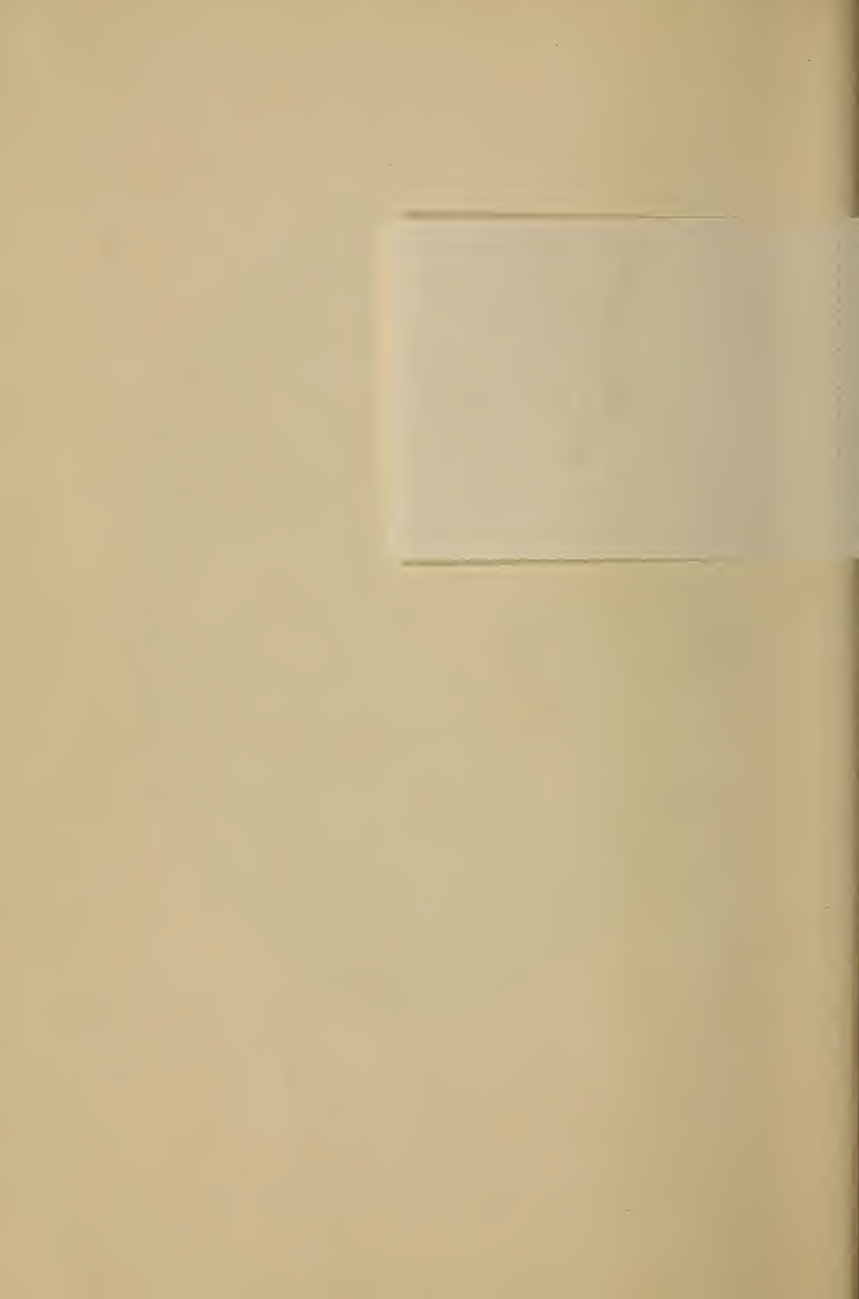
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G. Washington





.....

Neglect to observe the rules of conduct toward the flag of the United States proves one of two things—either you purposely disobey the wishes of your government, or you are woefully ignorant of patriotic usage.

.....

AMERICA, WHAT BINDS ME SO TO THEE?

Is it the valorous deeds of thy heroic dead?
Is it because I've known thee,
Since mine eyes beheld the light?
Is it because my baby lips,
First lisped thy wondrous name?
Or is it because thy crystal flood,
Pure as the virgin snow,
Flows ever onward to the sea?

America, what binds me so to thee?
Is it because thy door of hope swings wide
To a world accursed?
Bids the weary and oppressed
To live in peace and plenty on thy shores?
Is it because thy words of hope have reached
The blood soaked soil of France
Where loyal sons
Upheld the honor of thy name?

Perhaps 'tis thy valleys,
Fringed with mighty forests tall;
Or the thunder of the sea
Against thy granite wall.
Perhaps, the hidden treasures in thy breast,
The products of thy fertile fields,
Thy lakes, thy streams,
Or, has the glory of thy setting sun
Burst through the darkened chamber of my soul?

Methinks, it is the matchless blue of heaven's dome,
Flecked with glistening stars;
Or the dainty kiss of twilight,
As my weary eyes find rest.
It is not subtle fear
That fans the flame of mystery;
Nor has thy boundless wealth,
Engulfed the virtues accredited to thee.

What power I ask, that binds me so?
I fain would leave thee
Yet I dare not go;
I vainly struggle with thy golden chain,
But hark, 'tis the echo of a sweet refrain.

“My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.”

My vision clears, mine eyes behold
The heritage of passing years;
For there on high a banner waves,
I see its glory through my tears.
List' to the wondrous message sent
To all enslaved who would be free;
God bless each star, each stripe, each fold,
Long wave this pledge of liberty.

“Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.”

I know what binds me so to thee,
Resplendent land of liberty;
I love thy rocks and templed hills,
I love thy vales and crystal rills,
I love thy moon, thy sun, thy stars,
I love thy flag of crimson bars,
I love thee, love thee, love but thee,
Dear land of human liberty.

.....

*Of what value are ears if one will not
hear, of eyes if one will not see, of mind
if one will not reason, of knowledge if one
refuses to use it?*

.....

INTRODUCTION

IT MUST BE apparent to every thinking citizen of the Republic that the use of the Flag of Our Country, particularly in decorations, is as varied as the imagination of the individual, and its abuse, through ignorance, as common. Habitually, we satisfy our patriotism by exhibiting the National ensign on our person or premises, and seldom if ever consider the question of propriety.

We forget that England, is English; France, French; Spain, Spanish; Germany, German; Austria, Austrian; Italy, Italian; etc., etc. But the United States is composed of many races, and here assimilation must begin. We fail to impress ourselves, as well as the stranger, that here, there can be but one country for all; one standard of justice and liberty for all; one language for all; and one Flag for all.

A knowledge of the birth, growth, and progress of this Flag will undoubtedly hasten the hour of National understanding. When once our varied population stand beneath its folds a united people, subservient to law and order, a new civilization will have been born. Then, and not until then, will

INTRODUCTION (Continued)

political, social, commercial, and religious animosities be abandoned and from out the present welter of ignorance, disobedience, and selfishness, will spring the new defenders of self-government.

To the fathers and mothers of the Republic; to the girl and boy aspiring to honorable citizenship; to the assimilable stranger within our gates, this effort is respectfully dedicated. May it encourage a deeper, more profound love, not alone for the Flag of Our Country, but for the Gracious Master, whose watchful care has made possible the glorious heritage of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

THE AUTHOR.

June 14th, 1921.

NARRATIVE I

.....

My friend, you are but the human thread in the national fabric. God has given you texture, color and strength. You must emerge from the loom the weave of your own making. As the shuttle of life fashions the human fabric, let the spirit of Love, Justice and Patriotism become the warp and woof of the pattern conceived.

Disregard this, and the texture so made will quickly fade under the penetrating rays of His immutable law.

.....

The Flag of Our Country

NARRATIVE I.

I AM BUT A CRIMSON THREAD. It is therefore fortunate for these narratives that young though I was, I possessed an impressionable nature as well as a retentive memory, else how could I now recall many incidents in which I have been and am still deeply concerned?

In scrutinizing the period preceding my birth, you will, in justice to me, exercise patience for I must depend solely upon the statements of others, and verification so long delayed has been perplexing, to say the least. Bearing in mind this handicap, and with kindly consideration for my extreme youth, I am sure that you will not expect too much of me.

Why a crimson thread was selected the hero of this narrative has never been satisfactorily explained, but I am free to confess, I enjoyed the delightful mystery. Probably it was because being crimson, I symbolize hardiness and valor. If this be

true, I am ready to frankly admit, it took considerable of both, particularly when all the facts were of such a personal character.

Long before I became a part of the Flag of the United States, I was a humble crimson thread wound round the spindle of a shuttle that whizzed and whirred back and forth through the warp of a loom, steadily fabricating yard upon yard of crimson cloth. It is with grateful remembrance I recall the tender care of the weaver. While I did not know it at the time, I was being created for a special purpose.

Little did I realize in the happy, careless hours of my youth, that I, a simple linen thread, was destined to take so important a part in the construction of a new government. Had I been capable of understanding this destined responsibility, I fear my youth and inexperience would have robbed me of the hardiness and valor credited to me.

From a single thread, I gradually grew into a great bolt of crimson cloth. After being removed from the loom, I was carefully rewound, and finally packed and shipped to America. Upon my arrival in Philadelphia, I was taken from the ship and delivered to the consignee, and by him placed upon a shelf with others of my kind.

Of course I did not know these interesting facts at the time, but subsequent events made this information possible. One day a carpenter was engaged in repairing the shelf upon which I reposed. Unintentionally he weakened it, and several bolts of cloth, including myself and friends, fell to the floor with a crash. After being replaced upon another, capable of sustaining our combined weight, I discovered, much to my delight, that I could see. In falling a corner of my paper wrapping had been torn, giving me opportunity for observation.

I very naturally took advantage of this and soon found that I was not alone. To my right lay bolts of Blue and White material like myself. We exchanged courtesies, and I was extremely gratified to find my neighbor Blue a most affable companion.

Later I addressed my attention to the bolt of White, and in an incredibly short time, we three, Red, White, and Blue were upon the most intimate terms imaginable. What is still more remarkable, our association for one hundred and forty-four years, has intensified our affection, each for the other. It is no idle assertion, when I emphatically declare, there exists no power within the

attainment of man which could bring about a severance of that love.

During one of our many delightful conversations, I learned that we three, Red, White and Blue, had been, without our knowledge, friends for many centuries. The ancestral meeting occurred when the Lord presented Moses with the "Ten Commandments" together with the "Book of Laws," which were reverently deposited in the "Ark of the Covenant" protected by "ten curtains of fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and blue."

This, I learned, was the first authentic mention of myself and associates, now known as Red, White, and Blue. Naturally this information served to cement our faith in and respect each for the other. It is unnecessary to add that we felt exceedingly grateful to the early Jewish church for our introduction to the peoples of the western world.

Our several conferences brought out these facts; my crimson sheen symbolized hardiness and valor; my friend White represented purity and innocence; Blue, typified, perseverance, vigilance, and justice. This was indeed a remarkable combination, and

as we symbolized the principles of liberty and justice so necessary for the foundation of self-government, it will occasion little surprise to know that we were selected to play so important a part in the affairs of the world.

As I recall the formative period, the hours were not without interest. We found in each other much to entertain and instruct. We were, I distinctly remember, greatly amused by the men and women moving to and fro about the store. We feared that we, like other fabrics would be purchased, torn, wrapped and carried away, heaven only knew by whom or whither. We often commented upon this possibility and wondered what would be our fate.

“What,” we asked ourselves, “would purity and innocence do without hardiness and valor? And on the other hand, how could perseverance, vigilance, and justice exist, if separated from hardiness and valor, or purity and innocence?” The loss, so far as we were concerned, would be incalculable. Our probable fate, therefore, caused us genuine alarm.

One day we were startled to see a military gentleman enter the store, walk briskly to

the counter and stop directly in front of us. His fine face wore a look of sadness, yet a smile played about his firm lips and in his eyes glowed the fire of love and truth. He wore the uniform of an officer of the Continental Army, and his name was General George Washington.

“Have you received the material ordered?” he asked.

“Yes, General,” replied the clerk who advanced toward him, “and I am sure the colors will meet with your approval.” Without another word, we three, Red, White, and Blue, were taken from the shelf, stripped of our wrappings and placed side by side upon the counter.

“You are right; they are very beautiful. You will see that they are delivered to this address immediately,” and Washington gave the clerk a small card upon which he had written our destination.

“They will be delivered within the hour,” answered the clerk.

“That will meet every requirement,” replied Washington, who without another word, turned and walked rapidly from the store.

NARRATIVE II.

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*True Americanism can exist only in the
hearts of those who understand and ap-
preciate the Flag of Our Country.*

.....

NARRATIVE II.

IT WAS NOT long before we were again brought together. I distinctly remember being placed upon a table beside my two companions White and Blue. There were several ladies in the room, and all enthusiastically praised our brilliant colors. They declared us in perfect harmony. We were also delighted to learn that the good women had gathered for the purpose of making a flag, and we three, Red, White, and Blue had been selected as the most appropriate combination of colors for the proposed emblem, and if adopted, we would for all time represent the highest aspirations of the founders of a new government.

No one seemed to have the slightest idea of the design contemplated, but we were assured that we were not to be separated. This decision filled us with a great joy, and had it been possible for three bolts of cloth to pray, we would have done so then and there, in sheer gratitude.

The ladies awaited with bated breath the arrival of the committee, momentarily expected. All were elated when informed that

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General Washington was their chairman. These charming creatures could not be blamed for their anxiety. Had not the Continental Congress expressed the wish to secure an appropriate emblem? And were they not assembled at the home of Mistress Ross at the behest of this body? Naturally there was great excitement over an event so momentous.

I will never, never, forget the gracious praises bestowed upon us by these splendid women. Particularly gratifying were the simple yet eloquent words of Mistress Elizabeth Ross, to whom, more than any other influence, we were to be indebted for our re-creation.

“Ladies,” said one, whom I later recognized as Mistress Ross, “this is indeed a wonderful privilege. We are about to receive a visit from General George Washington and a committee, commissioned by the Continental Congress. They are to suggest a flag for the new Republic. After the design has been agreed upon we are to stitch it together. It will then be returned to the committee, and by them presented to Congress for final adoption. General Washington has, I believe, a sketch of the proposed insignia.

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"Red," continued Mistress Ross, "typifies hardiness and valor; White, purity and innocence; Blue, vigilance, perseverance and justice."

"It is such a heavenly blue," exclaimed a shortish lady. "And the White," added Mistress Ross, "as pure as virgin snow! Behold them, ladies, Red, White, and Blue! Were they not made for each other? Together, they will form a flag, for which men and women will gladly die. These colors are to be the harbingers of Liberty and Justice. These colors will champion the right and defend the weak. Such a flag will guarantee to all equal rights. Beneath its sacred folds all may openly worship God, each according to his will. So ladies, as it assumes form, let each stitch emphasize an appeal to heaven for the safety of every hand raised in its defense. Let our work represent the love and devotion of the wives, mothers, and sisters of men who, by their loyalty and sacrifice make possible a free and happy people."

At this moment a knock was heard, and Mistress Ross, amid a joyful chorus of "Oh's" and "Ah's" crossed the room and opening the door, ushered in the belated committee, composed of General George Washington, Robert Morris and Colonel

George Ross. After an exchange of courtesies, General Washington drew a paper from the pocket of his great coat, and presented to those assembled a rough sketch of the proposed flag.

“You will observe,” said Washington, as he displayed the penciled outline, “we retain the thirteen alternate stripes of red and white, originally found in the flag of the East India Company, chartered by Queen Elizabeth in the year 1600. I may add that no less a person than Benjamin Franklin informed me; ‘That it was fortunate for us that there was already a flag, with which the British Government was familiar, and which is not only recognized, but protected.’

“You will undoubtedly recall the fact that the red and white alternate stripes of the East India Company’s flag,” continued the General impressively, “were selected quite recently for the ‘Cambridge Flag,’ better and more affectionately known as the ‘Flag of the Union,’ first raised by Captain John Paul Jones, December 3rd, 1775; and later at my headquarters at Cambridge, Massachusetts, January 2nd, 1776.

“There are several reasons why these stripes should be retained, the most important of which is, that the colonies selected

them as favorable for combined representation. They were placed in the 'Cambridge Flag' in the hope of impressing the world that the Federation of the Colonies was a deliberate action; furthermore, that the Colonies so united were at that time loyal to the Mother Country. We proved this by placing the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George in the upper left hand corner of the design. But we have now determined to obtain our independence; we will no longer submit to unjust taxation; we resent the many indignities heaped upon us by our royal masters and propose to repudiate the crosses, and in their place suggest a field of blue, flecked with glistening stars of white, emblematic of the redemption, aye, the salvation of human liberty. Ladies, we present for consideration, this sketch, which includes the thirteen alternative red and white stripes, together with this field of blue, containing thirteen white stars, one for each colony; four in the first or top row; five in the second or middle row; and four in the third or bottom row, correctly representing the thirteen united colonies forming the new Republic."

"General," said Mistress Ross, as she intently studied Washington's design, "you

have selected a star of six points, why not one of five?"

"I am afraid, Mistress Ross," answered the General, "that one of five points will look awkward, out of proportion."

"I assure you, General, one of five points will not appear ungainly or out of proportion," replied Mistress Ross, as she dexterously folded a bit of paper, and with a single clip of her scissors, cut a perfect five-pointed star.

"Splendid, excellent," exclaimed the surprised and delighted Washington, "it is the very thing; look gentlemen, is it not perfect?"

So it was unanimously agreed that the five-pointed star should replace the one of six, and after the width and length of the red and white stripes, as well as the dimensions of the blue field, which was to contain the thirteen white five-pointed stars, were agreed upon, the committee thanked the gracious ladies for their interest, and departed, leaving behind them a group of happy women who were first to fashion and then sew together the emblem of a mighty nation.

NARRATIVE III.

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The welding together of all our national life assures unity. This is the cornerstone of our political liberty; it is the very essence of truth and justice; that truth and justice reflected in the folds of the Flag of the United States.

.....

NARRATIVE III.

NEVER was a flag born at a more opportune moment. The gallant American Army was thought to be broken beyond recovery. Turn to the eloquent pages of our country's history and let us together read the record of personal sacrifice made by courageous men and women, who suffered and endured, that you and I might enjoy the blessed privileges of American citizenship.

The Continental forces led by the redoubtable Washington were thought to be beaten. There remained but a handful of poorly disciplined, imperfectly armed men, so destitute of clothes, that many froze to death while on duty. Others stained the snow with the blood that freely flowed from their bruised and naked feet. These men, to obtain the liberties we enjoy today, must meet and conquer a well trained and superbly armed force, well fed and officered. I recall the scene as if it were yesterday, when I was first presented to these intrepid men. They greeted me with great enthusiasm. They smiled through their tears as I floated

before them. They came from out their rude shelters, proclaiming me the harbinger of victory. Many knelt in the snow and ice praying to Almighty God for the triumph that would assure them freedom of thought and action.

I run before my horse to market; I must not neglect to mention a few events preceding my birth. We are so very apt to overlook important facts unless we continually hold ourselves in check.

Immediately after the gentlemen comprising the committee had departed the ladies began work upon the proposed flag. The sharp clip of a pair of scissors brought me to myself. I realized that Mistress Ross and her patriotic aids were engaged in cutting and basting together the red and white stripes and shaping the blue which was to contain the thirteen five-pointed stars of white.

Never will I forget the secrecy surrounding my birth. A short time preceding this event we were three bolts of cloth in far-off England. We had leaped from obscurity into the realm of a wonderful present and future. It was indeed enough to turn the head of a more experienced texture.

With anxious hands, Mistress Ross and her associates completed their task, and as she held me aloft, after the last stitch had been taken, a beam of sunlight burst through the window and bathed me with a flood of golden light.

"Oh, you beautiful Flag," she exclaimed, "with all my soul I love you. God grant that you, dear Flag, will lead us to an honorable victory. You are to be dedicated to the cause of liberty, and may your influence encircle the earth. Guard us, O Flag, and lead us forever in the path of sympathy and service."

It would be useless to attempt to express the feeling of exultation that took possession of me. Little did I realize in this hour of glory that I would one day suffer many bitter experiences; ordeals that would crush and wound. It was well for me that I could not penetrate the future for I would have deemed myself unequal to the task. It is well that I did not foresee the suffering and privation that must be endured before my defenders would enjoy the liberty sought.

Lost in the joy of the moment I knew nothing of the mighty clash of contending forces; of the hunger, disease, and death. I

knew nothing of the citizen who, under the cloak of patriotism, would rob, cheat, and even kill his fellow-man for gain. I was a stranger to the men who would devise vicious and cowardly attacks upon recognized authority. I little dreamed that discontented States would one day seek the destruction of the Union formed. I did not think it possible for justice to be mocked and law defied. I did not realize that hearts were to be broken; that the assassin would plunge the nation into the depths of sorrow from which we would emerge soaring, Phoenix-like, above the ashes of disloyalty, disobedience, ignorance, superstition and greed.

It is little wonder then that this day of days impressed me. We were no longer bolts of cloth; we had lost our original identity as Red, White and Blue, and had become the Flag of the United States. We were no longer separate units. We were forever united. We were one; joined in a common cause, and like the citizens of the new Republic, inseparable.

In the midst of my rejoicing, a sudden fear took possession of me. Suppose the Continental Congress, to which I was to be presented, should reject me. This would be indeed a personal calamity. Did I correctly

represent the principles they espoused? As many such questions passed through my mind, I became exercised over their possible decision, and wished the matter settled quickly. The suspense was well-nigh unbearable for I fully realized that no matter what might be said in my favor the final settlement rested entirely in the hands of the representatives of the people.

All things must end, and the hour of my presentation to the Continental Congress drew near. It was a period filled with anxiety. I was finally placed upon a staff and incased in a covering of soft material. Soon I felt myself carried forward. There was a hum of voices, a sudden stillness. Before I had time to realize what had happened my covering was suddenly removed and I was disclosed to every eye.

First, I was received in silence followed by a mighty cheer. "Hail, thrice hail, oh glorious Flag of liberty," shouted a portly gentleman as he struggled forward.

"Long may you wave o'er land and sea, the emblem of justice and equality," cried another.

When quiet was restored, some one suggested a re-arrangement of the stars in my

field of blue. "It seems to me," declared the gentleman, "that as the stars now appear, in three straight rows, four on the top; five in the middle; and four on the bottom; they give no idea of the unity of our purpose. I therefore suggest that the stars be placed in an unbroken circle, signifying a unanimity of interest, and an indisputable union of the colonies."

"A most excellent idea," replied some one. And so it was agreed. I was returned to the home of Mistress Ross; the stars altered as proposed, and again presented to the Continental Congress. On the 14th day of June, 1777, amid scenes of great rejoicing I was officially proclaimed the Flag of the United States.

In justice to myself I should add a few important facts concerning my progress. When first ratified by Congress I had thirteen white stars in an unbroken circle upon my field of blue, and thirteen alternate stripes of red and white. The admission of two more States, Vermont on March 4th, 1791; and Kentucky on June 1st, 1792, changed this.

It was natural that these States should seek recognition in the national Flag, so on January 13th, 1794, Congress passed an act

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authorizing that I consist of fifteen alternate stripes of red and white, and a corresponding number of stars. This abolished the unbroken circle and my stars appeared in five rows of three stars in each row. I then became known as the "Fort McHenry Flag."

In this form I remained up to and through the war of 1812, and it was not until April 14th, 1818 that I was again changed. The admission into the Union of Tennessee, June 1st, 1796; Ohio, November 29th, 1802; Louisiana, April 30th, 1812; Indiana, December 11th, 1816; and Mississippi, December 10th, 1817, made the alteration necessary.

A Congressional committee, duly appointed, suggested the addition of five stars and five stripes. But this was found to be impracticable. It was evident that if this rule were continued, the result would be an awkward, unwieldy ensign. After a year of debate it was decided to reduce the number of stripes from fifteen, to the original number of thirteen, and to add stars alone as required. This met with general approval and I then became firmly established on the 14th of April, 1818.

NARRATIVE IV.

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*The Flag of the United States stands
for righteousness, and so points the way to
moral leadership. Firm as a rock it stands,
exemplifying the fundamental principles of
self-government.*

.....

NARRATIVE IV.

I HAVE endeavored to tell you, my friend, in my own way, the stirring events that crowded my youthful years and as I have but recently, June 14th, 1921, celebrated my one hundred and forty-fourth birthday, I feel that it is necessary to devote a few moments to my several relations.

Even a Flag should know something of its progenitors, and it is therefore not unnatural for me to investigate my ancestors. I frankly confess that before I assumed the task I had no idea of the number of Flags claiming relationship. I am further compelled to add that it has been quite embarrassing for me to acknowledge the slight relationship to some, after becoming acquainted with their past.

In seeking a starting point, let us refer to the world's history, in order that the original Flag may be revealed.

In a manuscript known as "The Book of Knowledge of all the Kingdoms, Countries, and Lordships, that there are in the World, and of the Ensigns and Arms of each Country and Lordships, Etc., Etc.," written by

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an anonymous Franciscan friar, one hundred and fifty years before Columbus discovered America, this interesting fact was disclosed.

"There are in the Kingdom of Castile, twenty-eight cities, and many other towns, castles, and villages.

"Know that this Kingdom of Castile and Leon, has all the sea coast of the west, as far as Bayona the Greater, and borders on Navarre and Aragon, and Granada.

"The ensign of the kings of this Kingdom is a Flag with two Castles and two Lions, quarterly."

It appears to me that this flag mentioned by the old friar was closely related to the Royal Standard of Spain carried by Columbus when he first landed upon the shores of the new world October 12th, 1492.

It is also recorded that about the year 1000, four hundred and ninety years prior to the landing of Columbus, the Norse navigators headed by Lief Ericisson, known as "Eric the Red," visited the eastern coast of the new world carrying a banner of white, upon which appeared "a raven with open bill and extended wings."

In the face of all evidence found concerning the "Norse" navigators, there is no positive record of their having unfurled a banner upon American soil.

During the First Crusade in the east in 1095, Pope Urban II, assigned to all Christian nations crosses, varying in color and design, to be used by them as standards, emblematic of the warfare in which they were engaged. To the Scotch, he gave the white cross of St. Andrew, on a blue field. The English received a yellow cross but a century later adopted a red cross on a white field. This was known as the cross of St. George.

When James VI of Scotland ascended the throne of England as James I, he combined the crosses in 1606 and ordered all ships to carry the new Flag. At that time the vessels of South Britain floated the red cross of St. George, and the ships of North Britain, the white cross of St. Andrew.

The new flag, a combination of the crosses, was known as the "Great Union," and later the "Union Jack." Although this flag was in use a considerable time, it was not until 1707 that Parliament passed an act definitely establishing it.

In the same year the British government instructed the navy to use what is known as the "White Ensign," the combined crosses of St. Andrew and St. George in the upper left hand corner of a white field. The ships

forming the division now known as the naval reserve carried the crosses in the same position on a blue field; and the vessels engaged in commerce, the cross design upon a red field.

During the colonial period the "Red Ensign," or merchants flag, was the one most frequently seen and therefore was naturally looked upon by the colonists as the flag of the Mother Country. It might be well to inform the reader that there was considerable opposition to these cross flags, many believing their use idolatrous. In 1635, a body of Massachusetts troops refused to march beneath a flag upon which appeared a cross, and military authorities were compelled to design a more acceptable standard.

Massachusetts was among the first colonies to adopt a "Liberty Tree" flag. It was a white field with a narrow stripe of blue on the top and bottom edges, while in the centre appeared a green tree surmounted with the words "Liberty Tree," and over the bottom stripe of blue, and extending across the field beneath the tree, the solemn motto: "An Appeal to God."

The Southern colonies selected the rattlesnake as the emblem of vigilance and cour-

age, and South Carolina, added the significant words, "Don't Tread On Me." Our first "Navy Jack," hoisted by John Paul Jones on the *Alfred*, December 3rd, 1776, was an example of these remarkable flags.

I recall at this moment a conversation held between Benjamin Franklin and General Washington December 13th, 1775, in regard to the adoption of the alternative stripes of red and white for the proposed flag of the young Republic. The former said, "While the field of the ensign under consideration must be new in the details of its design, it need not be entirely new in its elements. It is fortunate for us that there is already in use a flag with which the English government is familiar, and which is not only recognized but protected. I refer to the flag of the East India Company."

To me this is conclusive evidence that this flag, containing the thirteen alternate red and white stripes, was the parent of the Flag of the United States made certain by the adoption of the stripes in the "Cambridge Flag."

The first distinctly American Flag in design, known as the "Fort Moultrie Flag," was displayed in September, 1775. It was a blue field with a white crescent in the upper

left hand quarter and just over the lower edge appeared the strikingly appropriate word "Liberty," also in white.

It should be remembered that up to this time the colonists did not seek a common standard. They had accepted without question the "Red Ensign" of Great Britain. But they wished for something distinctive, something wholly representative. This they accomplished by adopting the red and white stripes of the "East India Company's" standard, and placing the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George in the upper left hand quarter of the flag.

This ensign was known as the "Flag of the Union" or "The Cambridge Flag," and was first hoisted upon the ship of Commodore Hopkins, the "Alfred," by John Paul Jones, December 3rd, 1775, and later by General Washington at his headquarters at Cambridge, Massachusetts, January 2nd, 1776.

In this form the Flag remained until the colonies declared their independence. They then rejected the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George and in their place inserted the blue field, containing the thirteen five-pointed stars of hope.

This completes my personal investigations. I have attempted in my humble way, to follow the shortest path leading to my progenitors. I hope that doubts regarding the circumstances surrounding my birth are now satisfactorily dispelled.

One truth is evident. I was not an instantaneous production, but the direct result of suffering and sacrifice. From the beginning of my career I have represented the aspirations and achievements of loyal men and women who were alone responsible for my coming.

NARRATIVE V.

.....

*Live and breathe the spirit of Justice
and Equality. Desire only that which is
rightfully thine. Stand squarely upon the
rock of decency, and by your action en-
courage a just and honorable manhood.*

.....

NARRATIVE V.

NO SOONER had I reached my 22nd birthday than I was plunged into my first great sorrow. This was in 1799. I presume, my friend, you will deny this possibility and declare it ridiculous for me a flag, to be susceptible to emotion of any character.

Before you decide, let us analyze my relationship to yourself. You will then the better appreciate my attitude. I have only to remind you that I am the Flag of the United States. Is not this enough to convince you that I really live, feel, and know? Why, my dear friend I am yourself. Your heart is my heart; your soul, my soul; I am your thoughts, your ambition. If you are weak, I am no longer strong; if you are selfish, I am no longer charitable; if you are unjust, I become the oppressor. Your loyalty to your government can only be measured by your loyalty to me.

So when I speak of my joys and sorrows, it is because I am the throb of the national heart; the hope, the strength, of the national character. I am the essence of Justice es-

tablished by Law. Then why should I not be susceptible to human emotions? Does not this hypothesis prove my power to feel?

Without further argument I recall the profound grief I suffered at the loss of my more than friend, General George Washington. It was not alone an irreparable loss to me, but a mighty blow to civilization. I loved this truly great man; this unselfish patriot, whose first and last thought was loyalty to his country.

Oh, Washington, Washington, I will never forget your great affection for me, the Flag of the United States. I will ever stand the reflector of thy will. At thy grave you will find me the symbol of all you would have me, the invincible harbinger of human liberty.

I do not wish to convey the thought that I do not mourn the loss of all who gave their lives for me, that vast army of unknown dead, who died that I might live. Each foot of earth in which they rest is sanctified by their blood, forever and forever.

It is my duty to see that you, my friend, do not forget the priceless blood and treasure that made certain the birth and perpetuity of the Federal Union.

My second great grief was the death of Alexander Hamilton, occurring in 1805, at the hands of that political outcast, Aaron Burr, who, disowned by his State, experienced the just fate of the insincere scoundrel who stopped at nothing to secure his ends. His despicable intrigues forced the great patriot Hamilton to defend his honor with his life, and Burr, the despised and hated Burr, finally paid his debt to Heaven and the Republic. Detested at home; loathed abroad; driven from England; expelled from France; he became a penniless wanderer and returning to the country he had outraged, died a lonely broken man.

In 1865, at the height of a glorious career, with the unity of the States assured and peace once more established, Abraham Lincoln fell mortally wounded, the victim of assassination.

Never did a nation experience so profound a grief. Lincoln the Emancipator, the savior of the Republic, found in death the peace he craved. Although dead, the memory of his noble words, his generous deeds, will be recalled again and again as long as the mind of man endures.

The world was again shocked and stunned in 1881 by the untimely death of our

twentieth President of the United States, James A. Garfield. Once again the assassin robbed the government of a great and good man; a Christian gentleman, and a true patriot, whose public and private life will ever be remembered as one of the ornaments of our national life.

The third President to meet death in a similar manner was William McKinley, who passed away September 14th, 1901. It was said of him, "He fought like a hero; wrought like a statesman; lived like a Christian and died like a philosopher."

As I recall the unfortunate circumstances surrounding the untimely deaths of these patriots, there appears nothing to justify acts so base. These great men were raised to posts of honor by the citizens of a free nation and had been guilty of no wrong. Their thought, aim and effort was to multiply the blessings of human liberty. Yet they died the victims of ignorance, hatred and disloyalty. Let us see to it that they did not die in vain.

In 1919 came the loss of the great American, Theodore Roosevelt. No man, living or dead, served his country with greater fidelity. None can question his tremendous loyalty; his great love for me, the Flag of

the United States. His intense Americanism; his unswerving allegiance to his government, was and ever will be an inexhaustible inspiration to his countrymen.

Washington, Hamilton, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, Roosevelt! What illustrious names to conjure with. What memories cluster about their remarkable personalities. Each suffered with heroic fortitude. Each played well his part. Each placed his faith in Almighty God. Each left an imperishable name.

Let me, the Flag of the United States, always remind you of the personal debt you owe your country. In memory of the service rendered by these men who served, and in serving died, give the best within you. Exercise the rights of citizenship. Become a virile part of the Union, a Union that needs the sustaining force of honorable effort.

Do not misunderstand me, I beg of you. I wish to harmonize, not antagonize. But I deem it a duty to remind you that every time your eyes rest upon me, that you as well as I, have national sorrows.

I am but the reminder of the devotion, sacrifice and purpose of these brave men who breathed into our very souls the spirit

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY

of divine liberty. Therefore I admonish you, study the marvelous history of your country, remembering, that legislation will not, nay, cannot make a good citizen. It merely points the way. The attainment rests solely in the hands of the individual. Once possessed with this knowledge, you should, with patriotic zeal, embrace every opportunity of thoroughly knowing the United States, and in knowing, serve.

NARRATIVE VI.

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Instill confidence in the stranger to self-government by doing all in your power to prove a sincere desire on your part to become a worthy advocate of the principles involved.

Americans are judged, not by what they say, but by what they do. It is well to see to it that we do not mislead or betray those who seek to emulate our example.

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NARRATIVE VI.

ONE blustering morning, several months after the entrance of the United States into the World-War a poor itinerant street peddler, a recent arrival from over-seas, entered a novelty house in New York's wholesale district and purchased a goodly number of small Flags of the United States, including the narrator, for the purpose of selling us to whomever would buy. I confess the purchaser, an old trader, had little sympathy for me at this time. His one thought was profit. I was delighted to know, however, that he considered my market value of such importance. Many of my native-born supporters did not give me even this consideration. It also pleased me to think that my purchaser, whoever he might be, would acquire me, not so much for my beauty, but for the principles inculcated within my folds.

It was decidedly interesting for me to watch the conduct of the people approached. The pathetic cry of the peddler, "Buy a flag, mister, buy a flag," was not calculated to be particularly appealing. However, I

was pleased to note that even with this handicap he enjoyed a considerable measure of success. Out of the armful he had purchased earlier in the day, I was the only one unsold at noon, and as he was a stranger unused to our ways, I was very glad of his success.

He was standing upon the edge of the curb, crying his wares, trying to dispose of me, the last of his stock. Turning suddenly he unintentionally struck a corpulent bystander a feeble tap on the cheek with the slender staff to which I was attached. The outraged citizen flew into a terrible passion and viciously abused the trembling man. "You scum," he exclaimed, "why don't you stay in the street where you belong."

"Please," apologetically whined the frightened vendor, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to—." Before the unfortunate could say more, the offended American deliberately pushed the old man sprawling into the street.

From my position in the gutter, I appealed to each passer-by to assist us, yet none heeded my appeal, and with smile or sneer, went their several ways, unmindful of the man from "over-seas" or the flag by his side.

The poor vendor, like thousands of his kind, must learn that the brutal, selfish action was un-American; that a true citizen of the Republic is the respecter of the rights of others, and that although I am the Flag of the United States, I should not be held responsible for the conduct of every boor who not only disregards the sacred rights of others, but denies the injunction of the Master who wishes mankind to "love thy neighbor as thyself."

For one hundred and forty-four years I have tried to awaken within the souls of men a desire for justice and equality. I would prevent the deluge of blood and tears occasioned by man's inhumanity to man. I would lessen the number of widows and orphans and forever abolish the staggering cost of war.

Unfortunately civilization must learn individually. The wound pains him most upon whom the blow descends. Each must profit by their own bitter experience. Unfortunately as this appears, it is the inexorable law of human progress.

No sooner had my friend regained his feet and rescued me from impending dangers, when a well-dressed, smooth-faced man of about forty, placed a kindly hand

upon his shoulder and conducted him around the corner, and down a less frequented street where they might converse without being observed.

“My poor friend,” said the smooth-faced one, after he had reached a secluded spot, “I was a witness to the great indignity inflicted upon you, by one of the privileged class. I am indeed thankful that I was not born in this detestable land. Like you I came from afar. It is well enough to sell the flag you hold in your hand to such fools as will buy. But do not allow yourself to be blinded by its glamour. It is not the emblem for you, my comrade. Take this pamphlet to the seclusion of your home, and read it carefully. Do not let this rag of liberty lead you from the true path of freedom. Join with us and aid in securing the justice to which the poor are entitled. We must pave the way for our children. We must not allow them to become the hopeless slaves of their masters. Take this information quickly and hide it, for here come the police.” After giving the astonished peddler several tracts, he rapidly crossed the street and disappeared.

What might have been the thoughts of my bemuddled friend I do not know and I fear I never shall, for at this moment a boy of

about ten, raced out from one of the many doorways that lined the thoroughfare, and approaching the old man abruptly asked, "How much for the flag, mister?" "Ten cents" was the indifferent reply, and after the youngster had laborously counted ten pennies, he received me and was gone.

I have always regretted this unceremonious parting from my aged friend. I wanted to warn him against the smooth-faced man. It was my desire to tell him the story he must one day hear, must one day understand. Perhaps he found his way to honorable citizenship. I hope he does not, like others, seek the destruction of the government that guarantees the blessings of liberty for ourselves and our posterity. Who knows?

The boy re-entered the doorway from which he had emerged and carried me up winding, dirty stairs, then down a long dark passage to his home. Home? It would have been far better had I described it as a pen, for such it turned out to be.

The building in which this pen or room was located, was in the district known as the "Ghetto," and I am surprised to know that there are many of the same character in the United States.

This particular place in which I was imprisoned is called a "tenement," a huge structure containing many pens or rooms in which people live. Had I not better say exist? Some one said in my hearing that forty families resided in this poorly lighted and ventilated building. I was also informed that one bath tub did duty for all.

The boy walked the entire length of the dark passage before he came to the door opening into his pen or room. Upon entering he looked about as if in search of some place to put me. He finally decided to tack me against the wall, to the right of the door, and directly in front of a pile of rags. I think he selected this spot because these rags were his bed, and he could see me the last thing at night and the first in the morning. I am glad to say that the boy did not drive the tacks sustaining me, through my colors, but used them to fasten my staff, a departure from the usual custom I will admit, but one that I deeply appreciate.

My position against the wall prevented me from seeing a very great distance down the dimly lighted hallway. I did discover, however, a water faucet just outside the door that supplied all residing upon this particular floor. I was astonished to note

that there was no sink or drain for carrying off the drippings. An old battered and exceedingly dirty oil can stood beneath the tap. This receptacle was constantly overflowing owing to a lack of attention. The children, and there were many, added to the unfortunate condition and it had become a veritable slime of dirt and moisture, as well as a menace to health and safety.

The room was very poorly furnished. Opposite the door a curtainless window gave a pale faced woman opportunity for hanging out the half-washed clothes of the children. In the centre of the floor stood a dilapidated kitchen table and four re-constructed chairs. Behind the door lay a musty mattress, and in the opposite corner was the resting place of the boy who had purchased me.

On the end of the table was a two-burner gas stove upon which had been piled a blackened coffee pot and several pieces of unwashed tinware. Upon a newspaper, serving as a tablecloth, were scattered plates more or less cracked, containing remnants of food. This completes the important possessions about me. Now add the insufferable heat, numberless flies and the unsanitary conditions already mentioned and I am sure you will not envy my isolation.

One evening, following an exceedingly warm afternoon, I noticed that something a little out of the ordinary was about to occur. The people residing on the several floors were bustling in and out of the room in which I was imprisoned. It was evident that some visitor was expected. Willing hands carried away the blankets and other impediments. The table was placed against the wall and the entire floor space filled with chairs so arranged that those assembled could face the expected one. I also noticed that the men arriving wore scarlet ribbons pinned to the lapels of their coats and the women a bit of the same material in their hair. Soon the children announced the expected one and you may well judge of my surprise when I recognized in the guest of the evening none other than the smooth-faced man who had led my friend, the peddler, to the obscure spot on the street.

After removing his hat and cloak, he shook hands with all present in a very cordial manner and seemed delighted with the attention shown. The greetings exchanged, a chairman called the meeting to order and suggested sending the children to the foot of the stairs with instructions to keep their eyes open for the police. When quiet was

restored, the smooth-faced man, proceeded to address his hearers, as near as I can remember as follows:

“Comrades: We must prepare for the great revolt. This boasted government has fallen into the hands of a select few. The freedom they demand is the freedom to plunder and oppress. It is they who grind you and your rights beneath their feet. They exact all you can pay then deny you human necessities. You seek a home, and they give you a hovel. Do not your children require food, clothes and education? Does not the first amendment to the Constitution declare that “Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or press, or the right of the people to peacefully assemble?” Yet in the face of this statement are not these privileges denied us? To escape the police, the thugs of the rich, are we not compelled to meet secretly in the homes of the brotherhood?”

How long this tirade against the government of the United States might have continued, I am not in a position to know for at this moment a young man wearing the uniform of the American Expeditionary Forces, appeared in the doorway. His face, although badly scarred, beamed with eagerness and

hope, as he proudly disclosed three gold service bars on the sleeve of his coat.

The smooth-faced man, angered at the sudden appearance of the soldier, directed his entire attention to him. Pointing his finger at him he screamed in a frenzy of passion:

“Look, my comrades; look, there stands one of the heroic representatives of a government that forcibly takes your sons and orders them to murder unfortunates. Look upon the uniformed lackey of his master! Down with the government that would destroy us! Down with their constitution! Down with their——”

For the first time he beheld me the flag he loathed tacked upon the wall. Now thoroughly enraged he sprang toward me shouting: “See that symbol? That cursed flag? Tear it from the wall! Let me——”

Neither the sentence nor the action ever finished, for quick as a flash of light the soldier seized the frenzied man, and hurled him into the midst of the startled brotherhood.

“Don’t lay your hand upon that flag,” warned the soldier, as he stooped to pick up a trench cap that had fallen to the

floor. "Stand back, every one of you," he exclaimed, as they moved menacingly toward him. "I once believed just such statements as you have heard. I even believed that this flag, yours and mine, the one he sought to dishonor, was the emblem of selfishness and greed. I was wrong, I learned this 'over there,' amid the roar of battle, and believe me I understand."

"My boy!" exclaimed an old man as he emerged from the group and crossed to the soldier's side.

"Dad, dear old dad, you here with that man? Oh dad, you don't understand I know you don't; but it will come out all right dad, sure. But where's mother? Not a word, go tell her I am here, quick dad, find her."

As the old man left the room in search of the absent one, the soldier turned and faced the astonished neighbors.

"You all remember me. I may have changed a bit; that couldn't be helped. But I want to say this much to every one of you. Don't let men of this type rob you of the protection of this flag. It has required many years to build this government of which you are a part. Would you help these men destroy it in a day? Don't forget that when you left your homes across the sea and ar-

rived upon these shores—you, my friends, every one of you, become a part of the United States. You left behind you every association, every allegiance. You became builders, not destroyers. You came as honest men, not liars and rogues. You came to support this government, not to tear it apart. From this very hour you must abandon these false prophets, they would annihilate the opportunities of 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' Become, I beg of you, worthy defenders of this flag, for it is now the Flag of your Country and mine."

"Did you get that, ye big stiff," asked a boy who had edged his way to the side of the smooth-faced man. "Did ye get that?"

"Hello kid. Where's mother?"

"She's a-comin' and a-comin' strong. When dad said you was here, I'll bet I came so fast my feet never hit a step." Then crossing to the smooth-faced man the boy continued. "What ye waitin' fur? Didn't yer hear what me brudder said, huh?"

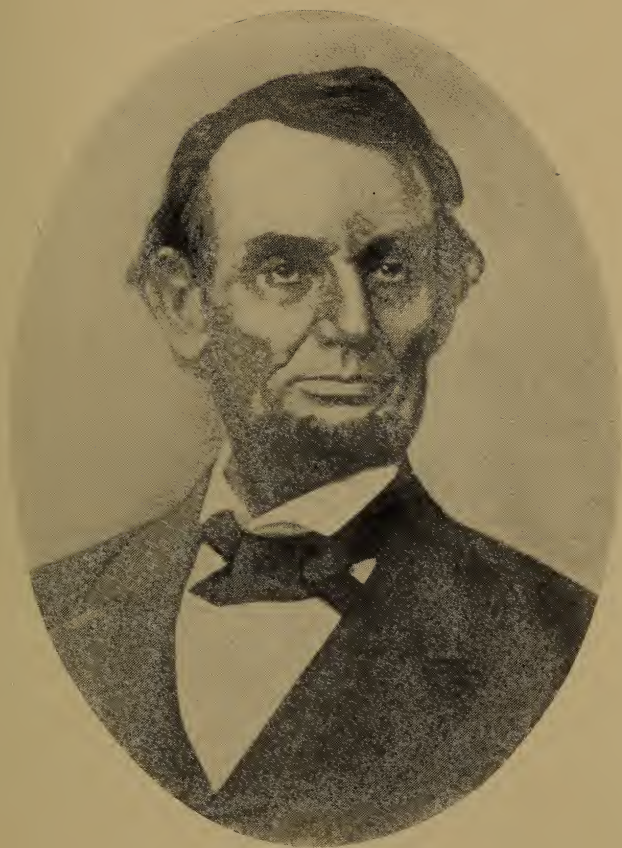
"The kid's right, this is no place for you, and don't let me find you here again," added the soldier, as he placed his arm about the boy and drawing him affectionately to him said, "You are all to the merry kid, all to the merry."

“Yes, but it took me big brudder to tell it to him. Gee Bud, you did tell it to him, I’ll tell the woild.”

“Where is he? where is he?” called an anxious voice from out the passage. Quickly the soldier turned and met the advancing woman and mother and son clasped each other in eager arms.

As the smooth-faced man passed through the door, the neighbors gathered about the re-united family. My last recollection was a happy group of men and women, receiving their first lesson in citizenship from the man who knew. I enjoyed their attempt to sing with understanding, “My country ’tis of thee, sweet land of liberty.”

After all had departed, the boy crossed to where I hung upon the wall, and gazing affectionately upon me, whispered, half to me, half to himself, “Gee Bo, yer some flag, believe me, some flag.”



A. Lincoln

NARRATIVE VII.

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Defend the home, that sacred refuge of love, respect and confidence. Surround it with every possible protection. It is in the home that the character of the man or woman is formed. All that they are or ever will be is traceable to the home.

The world cries aloud for home-bred, home-loving men and women—men and women of vision and wisdom who believe in the enobling influence of the American home.

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NARRATIVE VII.

I RECALL a certain judge whose upright decisions had won for him an enduring place in the hearts of his countrymen. He was an intense American, and one who never lost the opportunity of impressing all who came in contact with him the necessity for a greater love of me.

He would often declare that "justice is purchased at the cost of personal sacrifice and that good citizenship is based upon service to one's country. You cannot be a good citizen and withhold service and obedience. Our first duty is to the Flag, symbolic of service and obedience. We should know it; understand it, and so become worthy the title, citizen."

One day I was idly swinging backward and forward in his court room, swayed by the crisp morning air. Glancing through the open window, I obtained an occasional glimpse of another flag like myself, suspended from a staff on the building opposite. It had been left out over night, and the dawn disclosed a huge rent which extended the entire length of the color. In

truth, had it not been for the canvas hoist, the poor emblem would have been torn asunder, the victim of ignorance and neglect.

I was contrasting the two Americans, my patriotic Judge and the owner of my wounded relative across the street, when the court room door opened and a woman timidly entered. She looked pale, anxious, unhappy; in spite of this, she was beautiful in form and face. The woman walked wearily across the courtroom and seated herself by the open window, directly in front of me. As her tear-dimmed eyes rested upon my folds I cried aloud for justice and sympathy. Perhaps she heard my voice, perhaps she understood.

I was about to turn my attention to my wounded compatriot across the street, when a business or professional man of about forty entered. Undoubtedly he had not expected to meet the woman, too occupied with her thoughts to notice his presence. He turned as if to leave the court room on seeing her, but as suddenly changed his mind. Removing his hat, he slowly crossed to where the woman was seated and extending his hand said:

“May I speak with you before the case is called?”

The woman started nervously and speaking with an effort replied:

“There is nothing more to say, John; why prolong the agony?”

“Because, Lillian,” the man looked toward the door, then back to the woman. “Because of the boy. I do not think we are doing ourselves justice.” The woman raised an expostulating hand.

“Listen, please, until I am done,” pleaded the man in an almost inaudible voice. “God knows I am trying to do my duty now, if never before. When I told you I loved you it was the truth, I swear it; and I still love you. Please listen. Something has caused us to drift apart. We may have acted hastily, foolishly. I don’t know how it happened. I’ve tried to analyze it all, without success. It seems the only sensible thing to do but the thought of it chills my heart.

“I feel as if I stood at the edge of a grave, forsaken, lost. I see drifting from me all that I had ever hoped for, slaved for; my wife, my home, my boy. They may never come to me again. So I determined to see you, and just talk things over, you and I to-

gether; we might find where we erred and perhaps the sun would shine again, if not for us, the boy."

"But you have been so unreasonable, cruel. You had your club, your friends, your business, while I remained always alone."

"Lillian, I fear we misunderstood; that we have never taken each other into our confidence. Look at that flag above us, dear, does it not point the way? See its stars of hope; its stripes of purity and courage; its field of loyal blue. Does it not acclaim the Union of States? Then why not the union of hearts?"

"Don't John, please don't! Can you not see? Can you not understand? It is too late."

"It is never too late for justice," said a white haired man, who had entered unobserved. It was my friend the Judge. He had heard the man's reference to me. He walked proudly forward, and facing husband and wife, held the battered stump of an arm before them and with a voice trembling with emotion said:

"Look, my friends, when angry States resolved to disagree; when passion and

hatred robbed them of reason; they, like you, determined to go their separate ways. They demanded a divorce. They forgot that the result of that separation meant the destruction of our Federal Union, just as divorce means the annihilation of your home, your hope, your love. The secession of States meant the death of loyalty, freedom, justice. But all did not believe in this divorcing of States. To help save the Union I offered my life, but Lincoln only took an arm."

"My friends," continued the Judge, "sorrow has seared my heart and tears have chastened my soul. My wife and son, all I possessed, sleep side by side in a little church yard, way out west. Often in my great loneliness I recall the bitter struggle for success. How she skimped and saved for me, and the boy. How she loved this beautiful flag, and how proud she was of me, when I marched away to defend its honor. Your reference to it a moment ago was as appropriate as it was timely. All we are, all we will ever be, we owe to that flag.

"It pleads just as earnestly for an indivisible home as it did for an indivisible Union of States. It makes marriage a sacred responsibility, not a transitory accommodation. I know little of the merits or demerits

of your case. But I do feel certain, that your troubles are greatly magnified. Please do not interrupt, as lawyer and jurist I have had exceptional opportunities to investigate the various causes of divorce, and I say in all candor, that I deeply regret the fragility of the home.

“Madam, I am the uncompromising enemy of the wife who puts herself above that home. I cannot believe that God intended the mothers and wives of men to become social, political, commercial, or professional leaders at the expense of that home. I am old fashioned enough to look upon our women as the unquestioned queens of the fireside. And say what you will, the uncontrovertable fact remains that the future American citizen will be the product of that home.

“Our country’s greatest need is men and women big enough, loyal enough, unselfish enough, to bear and forbear; to help each other, come weal or woe. There can be no advantage; no superiority. In prosperity or adversity; sickness or health; life or death, be loving, true. You must not think me a meddling old man, I want you to realize your responsibility.” Slowly he walked to the window, then turned and faced both man

and wife and gazing steadily into their eyes asked, "Is there a child?"

"A son," faintly answered the woman.

"A son?" repeated the Judge, "a son?"

"Yes Judge, a son," replied the man.

"Now, my friends, you shall listen to me. What has this innocent boy done to merit this great wrong? Has he no rights? Must he become an outcast? Is he to be denied a home because you, his father, and you, his mother, are too selfish to care whether his heart be broken or not?"

"How dare you address me in this manner?" interrupted the man springing to his feet.

"How dare you ruin the future of your son?" replied the Judge calmly. "Be seated, please. Is it because you and this lady have become too self centered, too timid, too vacillating? Is it possible that your sole idea is self, nothing but self? Because of some wrong, fancied or otherwise, you are going to be avenged one upon the other. You intend to show the other how little you care; you are going to teach each other their place; you have made up your minds to wreck, destroy, annihilate. You, who once swore before your God, to love, honor, and obey."

“And your son? What effect will your unnatural action have upon his life? Will it increase his respect for the marriage relation? Will he profit by this division of affection? Will he honor and respect the father and mother who stood between him and a home? Will he admire your lack of courage and consideration? One day he will recognize the cruel truth. The passion of the parents was stronger than their love for him. He will know that they cowardly deserted the being they created, and his inheritance will be, not the memory of home, but a distorted vision of selfishness, disrespect, and cruelty.”

“Such justice as ye give unto others, shall also be given unto you. If you must separate, it is well that you know the price. Turn your boy from you, the victim of an unhappy union. Teach him to hate, regret and die, lacking the inspiring love of a united parentage. My friends I have done.” Quickly the aged man moved toward the door of his chamber and would have entered, had not the unhappy woman cast herself before him.

“Judge, please, please hear me; I have been selfish; wrong; foolish perhaps, but now I understand, I understand.”

The man crossed to the side of the weeping woman and tenderly raised her in his arms.

“My friend, the fault has been equally mine, she is not alone to blame.” Then addressing the woman he continued, “Lillian, let us begin again, if not for ourselves, for the boy.”

“Yes John,” replied the wife, “and you will help me, won’t you John?”

“Yes dear.” Husband and wife now grasped the Judge’s hand in silence, turned, and slowly passed through the swinging doors, in search of the boy.

At the window facing me stood a white haired man. He extended a crippled arm toward me as he murmured, “Oh glorious flag of justice and equality, continue to be my inspiration and my guide!”

NARRATIVE VIII.

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We must see to it that there be no division of loyalty among those who enter our ports. We have generously opened our gates, but as they cross our portals each must be informed that unless they become AMERICAN in word, thought and deed it would be far better had they remained at home.

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NARRATIVE VIII.

I AM reminded of the personal experience of one member of my family, who had the good fortune to be returned to the United States after being sent abroad. My relative also had the honor of securing a loyal citizen and adding much to the happiness of many. But here is the strange story, as related by my brother.

“I was a very small silk flag of the United States, and had been separated from my associates for a somewhat indefinite period. It was not until I found myself neatly and carefully folded between two sheets of writing paper placed in an envelope and sealed therein, that I realized that my purchaser intended sending me to some one at a great distance.

“Enclosed as I was, I could not determine my destination. So I resolved to act like a sensible flag, and patiently await developments.”

In recounting events dating from the time of my arrival over-seas, I have a hazy recollection of a strange voice addressing some one as follows: “Heinrich, here is a big fat

letter for you, it is from America, see, I put it here.”

I felt myself dropped upon a smooth hard surface, only to be seized, the envelope opened, the paper extracted and unfolded, as a gentle breeze swept me from between the sheets of paper, and I fell at the feet of my new acquaintance.

A young man of, I should say, about 28 years of age, picked me up immediately, and tenderly said:

“I am glad Carl sent you to me, little flag; I will give you to Lena. Some day we are going to your wonderful country, there to live in harmony with all the world. I crave the protection and opportunity guaranteed by your laws. I wish to live an honorable life unmolested by selfish ambitions; to be loved and respected. Flag of freedom and justice befriend me; inspire me; make possible the realization of my dream.”

He addressed me so fervently, so considerately, I experienced a feeling of joy and thankfulness, for I realized that I had fallen into friendly hands, and would not be subjected to personal indignities.

Holding me admiringly before him, he turned and walked toward a hedge a short

distance away, stopped, and called to a young girl, who came to him instantly.

"Look Lena, I have just received a letter from Carl. It is the first since the armistice was signed. It brings a message from over the sea," and he handed me to Lena, who seemed glad I had come to her for she pressed me to her cheek and repeated softly "A message from over the sea."

"Yes dear," answered Heinrich, "Carl bids us come to the United States, there to live in peace for ever more."

"Is there such a land?"

"Yes Lena; come, sit beneath this tree, and I will tell you the message of the flag." After they were comfortably seated the man continued, "This flag of Red, White and Blue, has for many years invited the oppressed of the earth to its home. There all are free and equal; there one may worship God, according to his belief. There, all peoples dwell in peace and happiness." Impatiently springing to his feet he walked away from the girl, but immediately returned, and looking down upon her declared passionately:

"Like Rudolph, I am tired of war and famine; tired of rulers who spurn the rights

of the people; tired of masters who debase the blood; tired of leaders who enforce the law of might. I long to be free; free to live; free to enjoy the exalted rights of a true citizenship; to be free to work, to love. Not as a royal slave, but as a man, capable of earning, accumulating, enjoying, and bestowing upon others, the right to "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

"That is indeed a wonderful message," replied the girl.

"And this flag is its inspiration. See, its blood-red stripes mean hardiness and valor; its white, purity and innocence; its blue, perseverance, vigilance and justice; its stars, hope."

"Hope?" murmured Lena.

"Yes, and has not the Master been merciful?—am I not safe and well? All because of your prayers for me." Then seating himself at the feet of the girl he continued:

"Did I not escape the ravages of war? I was not to die on the battle field Lena. But I am forgetting the letter from Carl. He bids me join him, he has found employment for me. It will not be long before I will have earned enough for your passage, then you too, will leave this war-torn land and join

me in America. The little flag you hold in your hand shall be yours; wear it next to your heart, and remember I shall be as loyal to you as its field of azure blue. You may have it, Lena."

"No Heinrich, I will not take it from you."

"I have another, see? Carefully he drew a small silk flag of the United States from out a pocketbook and proudly held it in his hand. "This was given me at the Marne by an American soldier whom I found mortally wounded. He begged for water; I raised him in my arms; placed my canteen to his lips. He fancied in his delirium that I was a comrade; he asked me to take a message to his mother when I returned to the States, saying:

"Take it to her, my mother; you will find her address written upon the edge beside the stars. Take it, love it, defend it, and tell the boys I'm going over the top. And so he died; out there in that sea of blood. I shall keep my promise to the soldier of the Marne." Carefully folding the little flag entrusted to him, he replaced it in his pocket book beside the portrait of the girl Lena. "And now dear," he continued, "may I place this upon your finger?"

“A ring?” exclaimed the delighted girl.

“Have I not loved you these many years? First as the student of Heidelberg; then as the soldier, and now as the man. I have waited until the conclusion of the war for I did not want you to have a cripple for a husband. It is because of this love that I shall go to the United States. Will you trust me and wait, just a little longer?”

“Forever if need be,” answered the girl.

I have only to tell you that Lena placed me in her bosom and during the embrace that followed, I knew that two hearts beat in happy unison, and that some day, we four would meet again.

NARRATIVE IX.

.....

Let no one under-estimate the full significance of the word liberty. Too often we substitute license, and so voice contempt of the law.

It is high time that we understand that liberty can be liberty only so long as it does not destroy the inalienable rights of the people.

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NARRATIVE IX.

IT WILL BE much better for me to continue the story of the flag given Heinrich by the soldier who died upon the battle field. You must remember, that I am the flag sent to Heinrich by Carl and given by him to Lena, before sailing for the United States. So I will first give you the story of my relative before concluding my own.

The little flag was not taken from its hiding place until one afternoon in the crowded steerage of a huge trans-Atlantic liner bound for the United States. It was an ill smelling hole and there was much sickness. Poorly clad and hungry children were everywhere. My defender was showing a fellow passenger the portrait of a girl and with much pride exhibited the flag given him in "No Man's Land." Without warning the stranger struck the silken folds from out his hand, and as it fell to the deck, raised his heel as if to stamp upon it. Undoubtedly he would have succeeded had not Heinrich seized him by the throat.

There followed a cry of alarm; a rush of many feet and during the ensuing excite-

ment, my relative was severely trampled upon and might have been badly defaced had not a very dirty boy spied me and picking me up, put me in his pocket.

Heinrich in the meantime managed to extricate himself from the excited throng and regain his treasure.

The next appearance of the little flag was several days later as the good ship neared its destination. The shore line of the great United States lay before them. This caused much commotion among the passengers, especially in the steerage. This distant vision was to be their home. Soon they would become a part of the American Republic. The land of promise and opportunity. What would it bring to them?

The vessel was met by puffing tugs and slowly pushed and pulled into the harbor. "See," excitedly exclaimed an aged man. "See, is not that the Goddess of Liberty?" All eyes turned toward the inspiring statue and anxiously tried to understand. The defender of my relative paid little heed to those about him. He was engrossed with his own thoughts. In his hands he held the picture of a girl resting upon the silken flag of the Marne, and as he gazed upon the land

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY

of his dreams, I heard his earnest voice repeat these wonderful words.

“God be my witness. I pledge my allegiance to this flag of the United States and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice to all.”

Friend Heinrich did not at this time realize that citizenship must be earned. He was yet to learn that political rights and privileges are the result, not alone of knowing the law but of submission to it. He had not yet realized that good citizenship is based upon service and that one cannot be a good citizen if he withholds it. He was one day to know, that justice is purchased at the cost of personal sacrifice, and that society is composed of men and women who must acknowledge the righteousness of constituted authority. He found that citizenship was not an abnormal desire to get all, hold all, and give nothing, but on the contrary, a well balanced effort to secure and enjoy the fruits of honorable effort.

He also learned that the safety, the prosperity, the happiness, aye the perpetuity of self-government lie in the willingness of the people constituting that government to deal justly with one another; not only to under-

stand that each must do his part, but to do it cheerfully and without delay.

It was indeed regrettable that upon the arrival of Heinrich in the great city of New York, Carl failed to meet him as expected. While unable to understand his absence, he resolved to find him as speedily as possible. He was now in the United States; he must not forget Lena or his promise to the soldier of the Marne. First he would find Carl; then he would keep his word given upon the field of battle; he would study the ways of those about him and one day he would reap the reward of his labor and become what he had set out to be, a loyal citizen of the United States.

NARRATIVE X.

.....

Every American citizen must champion the right, in order that Justice be done. He who defies the law defies the people, and by his action becomes a menace to society and a detriment to civilization.

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NARRATIVE X.

THE FAILURE of Carl to meet Heinrich was not alone disappointing but depressing. He feared something serious had happened, and alarm increased his anxiety. What could have detained him?

After waiting at the immigration office the greater part of the day, he determined to go to the address given in the last letter he had received. Without serious difficulty he found the place where Carl had lived, but was informed that his friend had been run over by an automobile, and taken to the City Hospital, some two weeks before his arrival.

The mystery surrounding Carl's absence explained, Heinrich lost no time in locating the unfortunate who was naturally overjoyed to see his friend but almost heartbroken over his own misfortune. Both legs had been so badly crushed that amputation had been necessary and he was now a cripple for the rest of his days.

Heinrich was greatly distressed at this unfortunate turn of affairs. He must now do every thing in his power to aid the suf-

ferer in the hour of his affliction. Gladly would he accept the responsibility; yes, he would care for his friend until such time as he would be able to help himself. Together they planned. They would find a place to live, and as soon as Heinrich found employment they would manage very nicely.

“Heinrich,” interrupted Carl as his friend was about to depart, “in yonder locker is a message from your brother Rudolph. He was unable to write you during the great war, so he asked me to deliver it to you.”

Eagerly the seal was broken and the contents read. It contained this plea:

“Heinrich My Brother: Do not feel hard toward me for taking up arms against the ‘Fatherland.’ When I came to the United States I resolved like thousands of our blood to become a loyal citizen. The call to arms must be answered by all who believe in human liberty. I but did my duty. It is the price all so situated must pay. I cannot hope to enjoy what I have not the courage to defend. God forbid we meet upon the field of battle. My one prayer is that we, at least, be spared this sacrifice. Should I die, my brother, and it should be your fate to live, come to America, and under the flag I

now defend, find the peace and happiness denied to me.”

“Is there not another message, my friend?” asked Heinrich.

“Only this,” and he held out a government list of heroic dead among whose names appeared the word, “Rudolph.”

Hand clasped in hand the friends sat in silence. Sorrow, the great leveler, attunes our souls to the sufferings of others in order that we may appreciate the full meaning of human sympathy. Rudolph had gone before, but Heinrich was glad he died a defender of the Republic. And so each resolved, that they, like Rudolph, would loyally serve the flag and the government for which it stood.

Returning to the district in which Carl had resided prior to the accident, Heinrich passed the yards of the East Coast Lumber Company. On the office door, he noticed a sign reading “Men Wanted.” Despondent as he was over the events of the day, he realized that it was his duty to meet the issue bravely and squarely. Here was his opportunity, the one thing he most desired. Was he not eager, strong and ready? Why hesitate? Did not his education fit him for advancement? Without further considera-

tion he entered, applied for, and to his great joy, received his first employment in the United States.

This was indeed fortunate. After supper he would write a long letter to Lena, then hasten to the hospital and tell Carl the great news. His friend would soon regain his health and strength. He would send for Lena. How easy it seemed, for now he would surely succeed. And one day he would have the little home, and there would be flowers, birds, trees, and happiness.

The following morning he was astir long before a beam of sunlight, that wonderful harbinger of hope, had penetrated the surrounding gloom. His heart was heavy for Rudolph would never know how he had longed to see him. But he must not permit his grief to delay his plans; today he was to begin the great struggle for success; today he would have need for all his determination. He must be earnest. He must do his work quickly and well. He must be punctual and thus instill confidence which would lead to promotion. He would prove himself to be a good dependable workman and so earn the respect of his employer.

Three days filled with conflicting emotions passed. Each night he talked with

Carl. They planned for the girl across the sea, and then Heinrich spoke of the soldier of the Marne, and his promise, made amid the roar and din of battle. As soon as possible he would deliver the message.

"Poor woman," he said. "I feel very sorry for her. She is waiting, Carl, waiting for the boy who will never return. And while I must see her, I would rather again face the storm of shell and steel, than this boy's mother."

On the morning of the fifth day the unlooked for happened. A stranger entered the yard and crossing to where Heinrich was employed interrupted his labor with the abrupt command: "Come here, you."

"What is it you wish?" asked Heinrich as he stood before his questioner.

"Fork out your card."

"I do not understand you, my friend. I have only been in this country a few days and I do not know what you mean."

"I want your C.-C."

"And what is a C.-C.?" asked Heinrich.

"Clearance card, you boob. Hurry up, come through."

"I have no such card."

“So you are a rat, eh?”

“Why do you call me a rat?”

“Can the chatter; you can’t work here; go get your time.”

“Do you mean I cannot work?” exclaimed the startled man.

“Got through the concrete, eh? Don’t try to kid me. Only been in the country a few days? Why, you ain’t even a citizen.”

“Are you?”

“You can bet your sweet life I am.”

“My friend, I wish to become a citizen. My brother died for this flag; see, I have it here,” and he proudly displayed the flag of the Marne, and was about to continue when the stranger interrupted with—

“Can the chatter, that flag ain’t gettin’ ye anything here.”

“My friend,” exclaimed Heinrich, “I have only been in your country but five days, and yet I know better than that. I was a soldier in the Austrian army; hold on, I know what you would say. But I want you to know that my brother came to this country many years ago. He fought under this flag. He did his duty even at the cost of his life. He fought for his, as I did for mine, we cannot be

blamed for that. But let me tell you how I secured this flag.

“During the battle of the Marne, in the early dawn, we crossed ‘No Man’s Land’ and after crawling through a net work of wire, I fell into a shell hole, and upon the mangled body of a man. He was terribly wounded; I raised his head and placed my canteen to his lips. He smiled his gratitude and taking this flag from his breast, gave it to me. Then he attempted to speak but the roar of battle was so terrific I could not hear. Again I raised him in my arms, placed my ear to his lips and caught these words: ‘Take this flag, Buddy, take it to my mother, you will find her address on the edge, by the stars, you won’t forget? Just tell the boys I’ve gone—over the top—good bye.’

“His words kindled anew my desire to live as he had died, a loyal citizen of the American Republic. I was weary of imperial dictation and oppression, so like my brother I crossed the sea. I have renounced the Fatherland and pledge my life in the defense of this flag and the government for which it stands.”

“Some spiel, but it don’t mean anything,”

interrupted the agent. "Come on, get off the job."

"But you did not employ me, I am—

"So that's yer game, eh? Well we'll see about that, you come with me and see whose got the say about here, old man Goodheart or me." Both men entered the office and fortunately found the President, Mr. Goodheart, at his desk.

"Morning chief," began the agent, "you'll have to shake this rat loose from his job."

"Indeed? what rat?"

"This guy here."

"There must be some mistake. You know this is a union yard. I understood all arrangements had been made. I want to give this fellow a fighting chance."

"Rules is rules, and he's got to go."

"Have you seen my foreman?"

"I'm dealing with you at present," replied the agent impatiently.

"Then permit me to suggest a more civil tone and attitude."

"Say, Goodheart, there are just two moves to make—fire him, or out go the men."

“You are demanding of me one of the most un-American acts imaginable. I do not question your right to organize. But I do object to arbitrary demands; demands contrary to the guaranteed privileges of citizenship, the inalienable right to ‘life, liberty and happiness’.”

“This ain’t no Chautauqua,” vehemently answered the agent. “You know the rules and that’s enough.”

“Hold on, Bill,” exclaimed the foreman, who had just entered the office. “I’m from headquarters, so you take things easy. Mr. Goodheart, I’ve been a standin’ out there in the hall for quite a bit, and if you don’t mind, I’ll take a hand in this conversation.”

“Go right ahead, Mr. Fairplay, you are always welcome,” replied the President.

“Bill,” continued the foreman, “I want you to listen to me, for I’ve a heap to say. While out there I heard every word you and the boss said, and I’m surprised, Bill, to say the least. This man you call a rat—”

“What are you tryin’ to do, Max? Make a monkey out o’ me?” demanded the agent.

“Continue to act as you have and you’ll save me the trouble. You just hold your temper and you’ll make no mistake. Just

get this first off. I'm union, top, sides, bottom and middle and a little something besides. A good American citizen. Let me remind you, Bill, there's hundreds of thousands of men in the ranks of labor as proud of their union cards as they are of the flag of the United States, and that's goin' some."

"You must not forget that a great majority of the workers are trying to live up to the United States Constitution, and what is more to the point, we are going to see that every one else does. We have just discovered that the closer we stick to that document, the firmer we are going to establish Union Labor. We have in many cases made the mistake of being unjust to our fellow worker. And just because he did not agree with us on every point we used a rock, instead of reason. We called him a rat, when we knew he was a man. When we discovered a worker without a card, we roughed him, without thinkin' of the cost."

"Experience has made us human, we are agoin' to see that he understands; we're goin' to see that he gets the right idea. He's goin' to learn something. He's goin' to learn that bein' loyal to his union, means also bein' loyal to the government. In our anxiety we got things a bit twisted;

that's all. We demanded justice from the government instead of demanding justice for the government. We're the government, Bill, you and me, and all the rest of us. Now this bein' so, if we obey the law as well as enforce it, we win."

"Say where do you get that stuff? I—"

"Hold on, Bill, don't hurry me," continued the foreman, "I said I had a heap to say and I want to get it off my chest. Now I take it that you intended to force this man off his job. Why didn't you take the time to explain it to him?"

"Now I want him to get the right idea respectin' the union, as well as our relationship to the government. I want him to know he was right when he looked to the flag for justice. I want him to know that union men, to a man, are loyal to the same flag you slighted a moment ago; you may have done it unintentionally, carelessly, but you slighted it just the same. Now you must not forget, that labor's sons manned the ships and filled the ranks; not forgettin' the mothers and fathers, wives and sisters, who rallied to their support."

"So you were dead wrong when you told him that the flag would get him nothin';

you made a big mistake, and I'm fair enough to think, that deep in your heart you didn't mean it. Why, man, our faith in that flag must never be destroyed, at least not by one claiming to be a citizen of the Republic."

"Bill, I gave my boy to make this a better country, not a selfish one. And I'm not goin' to let any man comin' to this country prove himself a better citizen than I am. In memory of my boy, I have determined to help this man to citizenship. He in turn must not forget, that if he is to be allowed to enjoy the protection of this flag, he must swear to love, honor and defend it, or labor will see to it, that he re-embarks on the first vessel sailing for the other side."

"Well, I had to do my duty, didn't I?" broke in the agent.

"Sure you did, but you went about it in the wrong way. We can't expect to ram our idea down the throats of men, any more than we will submit to the same process. Bill, labor is thinking today as never before, and as one of 'em I've been wondering how many strikes there'd be, if the salaries of the men responsible for them, were to be stopped the moment they were called."

"I don't see where—"

"Sure you don't, Bill, but you will. When this chap applied to me for work, I asked him for his credentials. He told me he had none. I found he had only been in this country a few hours, and bein' short handed I put him to work, with the understanding that he would make immediate application for membership in the local. This he agreed to do. I have just received his C.-C. duly signed by the steward and here it is."

"Why didn't you say so before?"

"Why didn't you take the same interest that I did? Give every man a square deal and you'll prevent an awful lot of sorrow. My idea is to make the union so attractive that no man could be found without a card. Come, let's shake hands all around and call it a day."

Relieved at the happy turn of affairs, Heinrich did not notice the proffered hand of the foreman. He was thinking of Lena, of his friend and the unmarked grave in France. When he no longer heard voices, he raised his eyes and saw the extended hand. Gratefully he accepted the other's friendly grasp, as he did so he unconsciously dropped me, the flag of the Marne to the floor.

Heinrich turned to thank his employer, and then extended his hand to Bill. As he

moved toward the door, the foreman stooped and picking me up crossed to Heinrich and laying his hand upon his shoulder said, "You are all right boy, don't weaken. Keep alive your faith in this flag; believe in it, and you will make no mistake. The road to citizenship lies beneath its folds and is straight ahead. Here take this; you dropped it as we shook hands a moment ago."

Suddenly the eyes of the foreman fell upon my silken folds. He staggered back exclaiming, "Speak man, tell me where did you get this flag?"

Heinrich related the story of the shell hole at the Marne. All listened with rapt attention. At its conclusion the foreman, with trembling fingers pointed to the name written on the edge of my silken folds. Then sank upon his knees, tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks as he muttered: "My poor boy, my poor boy. She waited for you, and now you're home with mother, and I am here alone, boy, alone."

NARRATIVE XI.

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To doubt your country is to doubt yourself. Practice justice, loyalty and patience. Patience in the performance of your duty, justice toward your fellow man, and loyalty to your God, your country and your flag.

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NARRATIVE XI.

I WILL return to Lena and give you, dear reader, a passing glimpse of what happened to me, and at the same time relate the strange adventure that was the direct cause of a remarkable union. Truth is a wonderful chronicler, and therefore responsible for much of our romance.

No sooner had Heinrich departed for the United States than Lena's only relative, a maiden aunt, sickened and died. An acquaintance, in an effort to befriend the unfortunate girl, obtained employment for her in a near-by city, where she cheerfully labored, while awaiting the anticipated message from Heinrich.

For a time letters arrived with regularity; then suddenly grew less in number, and at times difficult to understand. The last few appeared to be written by another hand. It was evident that something had happened and many anxious days and nights followed this discovery.

Many times Lena would sigh in her sleep and call out for Heinrich. One night, while seated by the open window I distinctly felt

a tear fall upon my silken sheen. I knew her heart was saddened and that she could not stand the suspense much longer.

In my restricted surroundings it was impossible for me to keep an accurate record of time, therefore I am unable to positively state just how long Lena waited for an answer to her appeal for the truth. But I do remember that one spring morning there came a letter that caused immediate preparations for the trip across the sea. "Dear little flag," she said, "Heinrich may be ill, in danger perhaps; so we are going to the United States together and I know we shall find him."

Not many weeks later we arrived, and presented ourselves at the office of the East Coast Lumber Company. Here Lena was told that Heinrich had been made foreman of one of the company's lumber camps in Wisconsin. Mr. Goodheart, the President, was expected at any moment, and assurance given that he would be glad to see her as he was very fond of Heinrich. Before Lena could question her informant further, the office door opened and Mr. Goodheart entered. When informed that Lena, the betrothed of Heinrich had arrived he gave the anxious girl a cordial welcome. How fortu-

nate she was; how kind every one had been to her; now she would learn of Heinrich and the mystery would soon be explained. Tenderly she drew me from out her reticule and pressed me to her lips saying, "Dear little flag, my faith in you will never, never die."

"So this is Lena," interrupted Mr. Goodheart; "there, don't blush; he has spoken of you so often that I really feel as if I knew you. But tell me, does Heinrich know of your arrival?"

"I am afraid not; perhaps I should not have come, but his letters worried me; they did not appear to have been written by him. I did not understand, and I feared something had happened."

"So you concluded to investigate; you were quite right; you know nothing of his injury?"

"Injury?" repeated the girl slowly, "injury? Heinrich? He is hurt? Oh please, please tell me?"

"It is nothing serious my good girl," quickly replied Mr. Goodheart, "compose yourself my child. He unfortunately fractured his arm; nothing more, I assure you. That is the reason his letters were in another hand; others attempted to help him."

"And he would not tell me?"

"He did not wish to worry you, and man-like adopted the wrong course. Under the same circumstances I am afraid I should have made the same mistake."

"I suppose you are anxious to see Heinrich? No more I warrant, than he is to see you. If you will be good enough to return this afternoon at five o'clock, we will start you for the Wisconsin woods."

After a very grateful and happy girl had left the office President Goodheart sent for his foreman and, returning to his desk, picked up a telegram which had been lying upon a pile of letters face down and again read it carefully.

"By George this is unfortunate," he mused. "And the girl here; came all these anxious miles to find him seriously injured; perhaps dead." Calling his secretary, Mr. Goodheart dictated the following telegram:

"Masterson: Spare no expense, if it is within the power of money to save his life, save it."

"You sent for me?" asked the foreman as he hastily entered the office.

"I did, Max, read this."

"Heinrich crushed by a falling tree, hope to save his life.—Masterson. It can't be true, Mr. Goodheart, surely, it can't be true?"

"And to make matters worse," replied the president, "the girl is here."

"Lena?" exclaimed the astonished foreman.

"Yes, she is to return at five o'clock for her transportation."

"Then she knows?"

"Not yet."

"Mr. Goodheart, do me a favor sir, I want my vacation now."

"I can't let you go Max, at this time, that shipment—"

"I want my vacation now, please Mr. Goodheart," insisted the determined man.

"Is it so very important to you?"

"It is sir. Don't you recall the story of the Austrian soldier who found my—my boy? He made death easy for him. It's my duty sir; my boy would expect it."

"Transportation for two will be here at five o'clock. Max, I am proud of you; the shipment can wait, I will wire Masterson immediately that you and the girl are on the way. It may help the boy to know this."

Following the departure came the anxious trip to the forests of Wisconsin; the drive through the timber; the arrival at the camp, and the joyous meeting of Heinrich and Lena.

It may have been the careful nursing of Lena and Max; it may have been that powerful incentive, love; or was it the result of the lesson of loyalty taught by me, for Heinrich rapidly regained both health and strength.

Some months after Max had returned to his post as foreman of the East Coast Lumber Company's yards, a new western manager took charge of the Wisconsin interests. His name was Heinrich and at a comfortable desk in the office sits the crippled Carl. I have only to add that Heinrich and Lena were married, and on their first anniversary a small package was received.

It contained a little silk flag, accompanied by this note:

"My Dear Friends: Please accept this bit of silk, in memory of one who died for humanity. Like the stars of this little flag, remain loyal to each other. Teach your children to revere their God, and faithfully serve the nation and its flag. Teach them to

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY

respect and remember all who died in the service of their country. It is your duty and mine, in so far as it lies in our power, to see that the future of these United States be made as secure as the love you honor. Let this flag direct your wandering feet safely through life's thorny path, to the portals of the Master's sanctuary, is the humble prayer of

“Your Sincere Friend,

“MAX FAIRPLAY.”

NARRATIVE XII.

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It was the Flag of the United States, more than any other agency, that inspired the founders of the Republic to defend the priceless privileges enjoyed today. The Flag makes possible freedom of thought and action. The Flag guarantees to all people, obedient to the law, justice and protection. The Flag is, and ever will be, the mighty force that directs our faltering steps toward the heights of national greatness.

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NARRATIVE XII.

I AM the Flag of the United States. It is therefore my duty to remind you of the many efforts of the founders of the Republic who, "in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general Welfare, and secure the blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, did ordain and establish, 'the United States of America, a government,' instituted among those deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

I am also the law, the force, the power, that rests in the hands of a tolerant people.

Are you aware that I was ten years old before Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey ratified the Constitution of the United States? Eleven, when the same action was taken by Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia, and New York? Twelve, when North Carolina acquiesced, and thirteen when Rhode Island finally decided to become a part of the Union?

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I was born June 14th, 1777 and the Constitution of the United States of America was not ratified by the required number of colonies until 1788, eleven years later.

At this writing, June 14th, 1921, I am exactly one hundred and forty-four years of age. During this period I have enjoyed exceptional opportunities for observation. Many times I have had occasion to wonder if my defenders, the people whom I represent, are as proud of me as I am to symbolize the principles of self-government?

I float from your National and State Buildings; your schools, factories and shops; I am found in the home and church, fraternal hall and club; your courts of justice, jury rooms, asylums; your orphan homes and reformatories—yes, your prisons. I am not a stranger to your cemeteries. Look for me where you will, at home or abroad; in village, town or city; on the sea, in the air, north, south, east or west; encircle the earth itself; you will find me everywhere.

From an exalted position on the staff of a mighty edifice, or in the sweltering tene-ment, I treat all alike. Many times I have cried aloud for justice; for peace and harmony among men. I seek to influence the

children, for too well I know that one day my safety will rest entirely in their hands.

I have had many strange and humiliating experiences and their recurrence would be impossible were the simple rules of conduct toward me generally known and observed. A knowledge of national regulation and usage would certainly add to the dignity of my position.

Why should it be difficult to realize that I cannot, in justice to the founders of the Republic, favor class or creed?

Why should it be necessary to emphasize the fact that I represent all the people and it is therefore not unreasonable to expect all people to honor and defend, not alone me, but the government represented in my Stars and Stripes.

Is there a legitimate excuse for any one to raise me to the top of a staff, and then deliberately abandon me to the mercy of the elements?

Why am I, time and time again, allowed to be whipped and torn by the gale; blistered and faded by the sun; drenched by torrential rains, until I hang a discolored rag, stripped of my splendor, and ignominiously deserted. Again and again has the halyard to which I

have been fastened, snapped in the storm and I have fallen to the roof or street, utterly destroyed.

Recall, dear reader, the countless times you have observed me nailed or tacked to this, or tied to that; draped inside or outside; hind-end too; upside down; anywhere, anyhow, without respect or consideration.

I have hung, pinned to the steel work of an elevator shaft and freely spattered with the grease and grime of working cables. I have served as window shade and shelf paper upon which have been placed everything from stale fish to rusty nails. In many cases I have been plastered with advertising matter of every conceivable character.

I have been tied to the tail-gate of a wagon, jerked over highway and street on the side of sled and cart, through dust and mud, I have served as rosette, festoon and table cloth; draped over chair and bench at ceremonials and reviews; hung over and under, horizontally and vertically, and at every conceivable angle.

I have decorated penny candy, toy balloons, chewing gum, writing pads, copy books, envelopes, business cards, and various forms of advertising. I have adorned

mule, horse and vehicle; served as awning and sunshade, and covered the hood, top, sides or end of an automobile.

I have been carried in innumerable parades, waved in the faces of cheering thousands, only to be thrown away at the end of the march by thoughtless bearers who gave little heed of the respect due me.

I have been painted upon, sat upon, aye, stood upon, and cut to suit the ignorant fancy of a freakish mind. I have been entwined about spokes and hubs of bicycle and wagon, as well as the running gear of every known vehicle, from locomotive to wheelbarrow.

I have been tied to dog collar and tail; used as a blanket for horses, goats, elephants and monkeys; embroidered on sofa cushions, and used as a foot or head rest.

I have served as a belt about a prize fighter's middle, emblazoned on a pocket handkerchief to mop a dripping nose. I have beautified fans, hat ribbons, stockings, shirts and neckties. And even exhibited at a fancy dress ball as a patch on the seat of a comedy pair of pants.

How long, Oh citizens of the United States of America, must I submit to such indignities?

Do you not think it is time to know that I should be raised at sunrise and lowered at sunset? That I should never be draped over a bench or chair, especially below a person seated? All should remember that I am not to be hung upside down, or wrong end to. When I am printed as an illustration in any manner, see to it that my staff is so placed that I will invariably fly to the right. Bear in mind that I must at all times, and in all places, float to the right of all other flags, domestic or foreign. When used on Memorial Day, remember that I am to remain at half staff until noon, then raise me to top of staff until sunset.

When necessary to fly me at half staff hoist me in a decorous manner to peak or top of staff, pause an instant and then slowly lower me to position. When at half staff and you wish to lower, first hoist me to peak of staff, then lower me in a dignified manner, being careful not to trail me on roof or ground. Please do not roll me in a ball and hoist me before unfurling.

Never drive a nail or tack in or through any part of me. When I am torn, faded, old, with loving hands consign me to the flames. Let my spirit mingle with the free air of

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Heaven, rather than the festering muck of alley or street.

Never hoist me when torn, until I have been repaired. Never hang me where I can be easily soiled or damaged. Do not drape me over arch or doorway; never allow me to be carelessly thrown into some corner. And please, please, if you love me, do not leave me out over night, or display me in stormy weather, unless it is absolutely unavoidable.

Do not festoon me; I should always hang free. Do not tie me in a knot; there is plenty of red, white and blue material that can be used for decorating purposes, and it is extremely bad taste so to abuse me. Never let me cover a speaker's desk or table. The only thing that can be placed upon me with propriety is the Holy Bible, signifying the submission of the Nation to God alone. When I am used in unveiling a statue or monument do not allow me to fall to the ground; see that I am carried aloft, where I may wave free, and do not raise me with any mechanical device.

When I am raised at ceremonials, all present should stand; if covered, remove hat. Better still, salute with right hand. When I pass in review or on parade remove your hat and stand in a respectful attitude.

If seated and I am passing, arise and uncover; recollect you are not honoring me alone, but the government I symbolize and of which you are a part.

The playing or singing of "The Star Spangled Banner," should bring all to their feet, remaining in this position until the air is finished. Always face the musicians or singers. The National Anthem should not be used as the part of a medley or played for the dispersing of an assembly. Applause at the conclusion of the "Anthem" is decidedly and absolutely out of place.

Permit me to emphasize the need for knowledge in regard to my use in decorations of every character. An intelligent effort will prevent injustice and misunderstanding. It will certainly add to the effectiveness of one's desire to elevate, and not lower, my value as the symbol of our Federal Union.

When I am displayed it is well to bear in mind that I should be suspended from a mast or staff. But if I am to be hung as a banner across a thoroughfare, see that I float free and that my field of blue hangs toward the North, in treets running East and West; and to the East, in streets running North and South.

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Do not make the common error of suspending me horizontally and then drape me in the centre. Just bear this in mind. I am the Flag of the United States, and not a tri-colored piece of cloth to be used any how, any place, any time.

When I am hung vertically to be viewed from one side only, my stars should be to the right as you face me, and when used in company with other flags, please place me to the right of all others. The military right of a building is to your right as you leave the structure from its principal exit. When I am worn on the person let me appear modestly on the left breast or lapel and above every other insignia.

Never permit faded or worn out flags to be used as banners or for secondary purposes. Defend me I beg of you from the avaricious unpatriotic profiteer, who would paint, print, or attach to me some form of advertising. Determinedly refuse to purchase any article using me for gain. Emphasize your contempt for the man or woman who slightingly refers to, or abuses and misuses the flag of your country.

Be not ashamed to honor me. I am the symbol of the majesty of the Republic. I

am the emblem of the Power of its united citizenship.

The true patriot sees in my stars and bars, not a flag, but the mighty principles represented within my folds; not an insignia, but history, force, justice, tolerance and love; not a convenience, but the sturdy champion of right, the fearless defender of the oppressed. To all who believe in me, I am the glorious vision of eternal hope, illuminating the darkness of ignorance and superstition; the essence of human liberty and progress; the foundation of the national character, and positive assurer of the perpetuity of self-government.

NARRATIVE XIII.

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*A proper understanding of the Flag of
the United States will strengthen the na-
tional character.*

*To know the Flag of Our Country is a
necessity; to appreciate it, a duty.*

.....

NARRATIVE XIII.

IN THE preceding narratives I have presented many rules bearing upon hoisting, lowering, carrying, displaying or saluting me. I feel that I should go a step further and give you at least a passing glimpse of the professional side of my life. I have every reason to believe that every well-meaning citizen will appreciate the opportunity of acquainting himself or herself, with the rules and regulations promulgated for my welfare by the Department of War.

The following excerpts will convince you that there are many things concerning the colors that should be universally known, and the reader will no doubt be impressed with the fact, that a well informed American citizen adds to the stability of society.

Professionally, I bear the following departmental designations: "Garrison," "Post," "Storm," "Recruiting," "Service," "Regimental," "Field Artillery," and "Battallion of Signal Corps," flags. While my form does not change materially, I appear in several sizes under the designations mentioned. I am speaking in profes-

sional terms in the hope that the reader will recognize the necessity of co-operation with the government and in this way we can the better understand our relationship.

I shall first take up the matter of sizes, and I must again remind you that I am dealing with the Army, or professional side of my life. No matter what my dimensions, whether made of paper, cotton, linen, bunting, or silk, if I possess the thirteen alternate stripes of red and white and the blue field adorned with forty-eight five-pointed white stars, I am the Flag of the United States and should be, nay, must be, accorded the respect, confidence and love of loyal, appreciative people.

“But to return to my subject.

“Garrison,” “Post,” “Storm,” and “Service,” flags being in constant use are made of wool bunting, because of the ability of this material to withstand the ravages of the elements.

The “Garrison” flag is one of the largest of government standards, having a length, or fly, of thirty feet and a width, or hoist of twenty. This is raised only on holidays and other important occasions and is usually displayed on a staff or mast seventy-five to

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one hundred feet in height. But if such a one is not available, one of approximately fifty feet will answer.

As "Post" flag I am nineteen feet long and ten feet wide, and am used in pleasant weather. As a "Storm" flag I am reduced in size, having a fly of but nine feet six inches and a hoist of five feet. In this form I am better adapted for use in turbulent weather, and during the long vigil at the grave of Francis Scott Key and in our National Cemeteries.

When engaged in "Recruiting" I appear in two sizes, commonly designated as "large" and "small." As the former I have a fly of nine feet six inches and a hoist of five feet; as the latter, a fly of four feet six inches and a hoist of two and thirty-seven hundredths of a foot. As a "Service" flag I am used for drills and marches and all duties other than battles and occasions of ceremony.

Regiments of Infantry, Engineers, and Artillery Corps, are entitled to National flags of silk. Such standards have a fly of five feet six inches and a hoist of four feet four inches. The union of this particular flag is two feet six inches in length and like unions of all United States flags, extends

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downward from the top of the flag to the lower edge of the fourth red stripe. The forty-eight white silk stars are embroidered on both sides of the field, and the outer edge of the colors, with the exception of the hoist, is embellished with a fringe of knotted yellow silk and two and a half inches in width.

When carried I am mounted on a pike or staff nine feet in length, including spearhead and ferrule. Such official designations as name of regiment, corps, battle records and other appropriate events are not to be painted or embroidered on any part of the flag. But engraved upon a band of silver fastened to pike or staff.

Mounted Engineers, Cavalry Regiments, Field Artillery and Battalions of the Signal Corps are also entitled to national colors of silk and as they are to be carried by mounted men, I am slightly reduced in size to facilitate my use in this service, I have a fly of four feet and a hoist of three, mounted on a nine-foot lance, including spearhead and ferrule. My field is also proportionally smaller being twenty-two inches long and extending downward, as in other United States flags. Trimming, stars and the placing of designations to be observed precisely

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the same as for other service standards.

Silken flags of the United States are to be carried in battles and on all occasions of ceremony. When not in use I am kept in dust and water-proof cases.

Service colors of bunting or other suitable material are in all respects similar to the colors of silk, but are to be used at drills and no marches and all service other than battles and ceremonials.

NARRATIVE XIV.

.....

*About the altar of unity and service,
upon which rests the Flag we love, a tol-
erant people should kneel in grateful re-
membrance. Upon this hallowed spot let
all acclaim, again and again, their undy-
ing faith in the Constitution of the United
States, and a determination to obey its be-
hests.*

.....

NARRATIVE XIV.

I HAVE noticed that many citizens, men and women of standing in their respective communities, repeatedly neglect to recognize or acknowledge me as I pass in review or parade. You may well judge of my surprise when I discovered that they wore on waist or coat the insignia of well known patriotic fraternities. Is it possible they are ignorant of the courtesy due the Flag of their country? Or do they deliberately withhold the gracious salutation? I am charitable enough to believe it carelessness on their part rather than a determined effort to humiliate me. But after the citizen has been informed he should be sincere enough to pay me the respect due, or be subjected to well merited criticism, by some one qualified to defend the principle involved.

The reason for and manner of salutes will probably make an attractive addition to this narrative and I will now devote a few words to the various forms of this civility.

The National salute is made by firing twenty-one guns. The salute to the "Union"

is one gun for each State and is given at noon on the Fourth of July at every Post provided with suitable artillery. Its purpose is to commemorate the signing of the Declaration of Independence. I am always displayed during this important ceremonial.

All officers and enlisted men passing the uncased colors, if in uniform, covered or uncovered, but not in formation, will salute with weapon carried. If unarmed or in civilian dress, covered or uncovered, with right hand salute.

At every military post or station I am hoisted on the first note of the "Reveille," or on the first note of a march, if a band be present. I am lowered at the sounding of the last note of "Retreat" and while descending, the band, should there be one, will play the "National Anthem." If there should be no band, the field music will sound "To the Colors."

Should the "National Anthem" be played at any place where persons belonging to the military service are present, all officers and enlisted men, not in formation, shall stand at attention, facing the music. The same rule applies to sounding "Retreat" with the exception, that all face the Flag in the absence of the band.

It might be well to emphasize one rule that has to my knowledge been broken on many occasions. When the "National Anthem" is rendered it should be played through without "variation, or the repetition of any part not required to be repeated to make it complete."

Foreign ships of war, when entering a harbor or passing fortifications, display at their mainmast the Flag of the country in whose waters they are, and salute it. At the conclusion of this courtesy, a salute of the same number of guns will be promptly returned. Failure to observe this rule is regarded as an unfriendly act justifying an explanation.

When one devotes a few moments to retrospection, many truths force themselves upon the startled vision. Usually some simple fact is all the more remarkable because it has heretofore escaped attention.

Here is one of those interesting bits of history. It was not until July 24th, 1866, that General Benjamin F. Butler caused to be made the first Flag of the United States wholly of American materials by American workmen and machinery.

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Another remarkable fact is, I have never entered a National conflict without alteration.

In our first misunderstanding with the Mother Country, my alternate stripes of red and white totaled thirteen, and the same number of five-pointed white stars graced my field of blue.

The War of 1812 our second struggle with Great Britain, found me with fifteen white stars, five rows of three in each row, and eight red and seven white stripes.

When the Army of Occupation lead by Generals Taylor and Scott entered Mexico in 1846 my stars had increased to twenty-five and my stripes reduced to their original number.

During the titantic struggle for the preservation of the Union, eleven States attempted to withdraw their stars from my field of blue. Abraham Lincoln retained them in spite of this action, and, throughout the bloody period my thirty-four stars and thirteen stripes led the Federal Troops to victory. Before the conclusion of hostilities, however, two new stars, representing West Virginia and Nevada were added.

The conflict with Spain in 1898 was

fought under forty-five stars and the requisite number of stripes.

During the World War, forty-eight stars beautified my blue field and these together with my alternate stripes of red and white symbolized the righteous aims of the heroic citizens of the Republic who determinedly battled to maintain a government devoted to Justice and brotherly love.

We must remember that we who live are the beneficiaries—we enjoy the results of the sacrifices made by the builders of the Republic. We should devote our lives and energies to carrying out the wishes of the founders of self-government. We cannot escape this responsibility without the loss of our self respect. We must leave nothing undone in our day and hour that would retard the onward march of that government and its peoples.

Let us therefore resolve to seek no more than we are willing to give. This will not alone insure our success but make certain the prosperity and happiness of our whole country. In the home, the church, the school, office, shop, and field, let all accept the responsibilities of an exalted citizenship, a duty, we must not in Justice to ourselves evade.

NARRATIVE XV.

.....

Be not ungrateful toward our honored dead. Their reward must be an imperishable place in the hearts of a responsive people. Prove your patriotism by your memory of them. Let their sacrifice inspire us to make certain they did not die in vain.

To those who live, weakened, scarred and torn, we owe a greater obligation. In accepting their young manhood we pledged our sacred honor. We would gladly pay. Today the account is due. We cannot quibble over the settlement; we cannot escape the responsibility. We dare not.

.....

NARRATIVE XV.

ON MEMORIAL DAY, May 30th of each year, at all army posts, I, the Flag of the United States am displayed at half mast from sunrise until mid-day. Immediately at 12 M., the band or field music will play appropriate selections, while a national salute of twenty-one guns is fired. At the conclusion of this tribute, I am raised to the top of the staff where I am to remain until sunset.

After being hoisted to peak, if band be present, one or two patriotic airs are usually rendered and in this simple manner a testimonial of respect is paid our heroic dead, in grateful remembrance of their devotion to their country.

It may be interesting to know that the colors of a regiment should not be placed in mourning or draped, except under instructions from the War Department. When so ordered, two streamers of crepe, seven feet long and twelve inches wide, are attached to the ferrule below the spear.

This covers the important regulations relating to me and I have reproduced them

for the purpose of emphasizing the need for a thorough knowledge of the rules of conduct toward me, the Flag of Your Country. I also believe, that I am at this time, justified in defending Memorial Day.

Why should it be necessary to make a defense, you ask? In answer to this question I am forced to say that my experiences during the past one hundred and forty-four years have made me tremble. I fear we look altogether too lightly upon the memory of the men who have made possible this marvelous Republic. I fear that in our great prosperity we forget the little things that make our lives sincere and beautiful.

Is it elevating to select this day for jubilation? Is it an hour for merriment? Must we celebrate it as a boisterous holiday? I do not advocate long and mournful faces; we get our share in any event; but it does seem to me that it would be eminently fitting, were we to make it a serious business, this recalling and honoring the memory of our sacred dead.

The truth is, that it is a patriotic duty; yes, a personal and collective duty and one that must receive the earnest consideration of the people. A quiet observance of the day will work little hardship. We can, with-

out loss to the national character, show by our deeds, sincerely and honestly, our deep appreciation of the service and sacrifice of those who have gone before, by respectfully remembering this day.

It is well for us that we do not wander too far from the doctrine of right. It will do us no harm to increase our respect for every son of liberty who died, that we might enjoy the fruits of his self-sacrifice. Forget it if you will, but thousands sleep in unknown graves, and in memory of these, if nothing more, let this day be consecrated.

Be eager, my friend, to emulate the unselfish service to humanity, rendered by the Founders and Defenders of the Union. Strive to become well-balanced, thoughtful citizens, in practice and theory. Cultivate a greater love for this, your country and mine. Such a resolve will serve to strengthen the fibre of the individual and to insure a stability and loyalty in the hearts of the people, who must be ever ready to serve the nation and its flag.

NARRATIVE XVI.

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*The manner in which the Flag of the
United States is displayed proves the abil-
ity of the citizen to properly observe the
wishes of his Government.*

.....

NARRATIVE XVI.

I AM SURE you will recognize, that as the official flag of the United States, my Union contains forty-eight white five-pointed stars, arranged in six rows of eight stars in each row, and each star represents a Commonwealth ratifying the Constitution and received into the sisterhood of States.

The "Union Jack" is my blue field containing the forty-eight stars, and when used as a flag, has a special significance. Ships at anchor may fly this part of me from the "Jack Staff" at the bow of the vessel, from sunrise to sunset. When appearing on the foremast, it calls for a pilot. It is permissible to fire a gun to attract attention to this signal.

When floating from the "Mizzen Mast" or yard arm it denotes a general court martial, or court of inquiry is in session. Diplomatic officers in the service of the United States, above the rank of charge d'affaires, when paying an official visit afloat, are privileged to use the "Union Jack" on the staff at the vessel's bow.

Yachts may also display a "Union Jack" while at anchor, if hoisted on a "Jack Staff" between 8 A. M., and sunset, providing washed clothes are not "triced up."

My thirteen alternate red and white stripes represent the original States. In the years gone by it was said that the top red stripe represented the most northern colony, and the bottom stripe the one farthest south; the others in their geographical order.

Another reading of the stripes is given, but not authoritatively. It is stated that the top stripe was given to Delaware, the first colony to ratify the Constitution of the United States; the second to Pennsylvania; the third, to New Jersey; the fourth, to Georgia; the fifth, to Connecticut; the sixth, to Massachusetts; the seventh, to Maryland; the eighth, to South Carolina; the ninth, to New Hampshire; the tenth, to Virginia; the eleventh, to New York; the twelfth, to North Carolina, and the thirteenth, to Rhode Island.

Still another suggestion for my seven red and six white stripes would be a graceful compliment to the original colonies as well as the commemoration of a historical truth. Instead of the stripes denoting the priority of the colonies as they came into the union,

give each stripe the name of the colony supplying the greater number of men for the Continental Army. If this were done, Massachusetts would be the first or top red stripe with 67,907; Connecticut the second, with 31,939; Virginia third, with 26,678; Pennsylvania fourth, with 25,678; New York fifth, with 17,781; Maryland sixth, with 13,912; New Hampshire seventh, with 12,497; New Jersey eighth, with 10,720; North Carolina ninth, with 7,263; South Carolina tenth, with 6,417; Rhode Island eleventh, with 5,908; Georgia twelfth, with 2,677; and Delaware thirteenth, with 2,286.

The reading of the stars will afford information and pleasure and I fear very few can, without hesitation, point to the star representing the State of their birth. I think it a splendid idea if this were given more attention. Have you a little flag of the United States in your home or office? No? I wish you would correct this. It is very important that you keep me near you always. My influence is for good, and you should make it possible for me to serve you every precious moment.

Should you happen to have me at hand place me before you and let us see how much we know concerning the stars in my

field of blue; first place me before you so that my stripes will fly to the right. Reading from left to right the first star is Delaware, because it was the first of the Colonies to ratify the proposed Constitution of the United States of America, this event occurring December 7, 1787.

If you will once again note the date of my birth, June 14, 1777, you will recognize the fact that I was ten years old when this action was taken. Two more Colonies followed the footsteps of Delaware during the year 1787; Pennsylvania on December 12, and New Jersey on December 18. Georgia was the first to swing into the Union in the year 1788, doing so January 2. Connecticut joined the new Constellation four days later, on January 6; then came Massachusetts, February 6, Maryland, April 8, and South Carolina, May 23. This completes the first or top line of stars.

New Hampshire is the first star in the second line of eight, having endorsed the Constitution June 21, 1788. Virginia joined June 26, and New York followed on July 26, the last colony to ratify in the year 1788. The twelfth star North Carolina the fourth in the second line did not become a part of the Union until November 21, 1789, and

Rhode Island the last of the thirteen colonies and the fifth star in the second line did not endorse the action of the others until May 29, 1790; thirteen years after I was born.

Proceed as you have begun and you will find that the fourteenth star represents Vermont, that colony having joined the others on March 4, 1791. The fifteenth is Kentucky, June 1, 1792. The sixteenth, Tennessee, June 1, 1796. Now follow in regular order the number of star and the State represented, as well as the date of ratification.

Third Line of Stars.

17th	Star—Ohio	Nov.	29, 1802
18th	“ —Louisiana	April	30, 1812
19th	“ —Indiana	Dec.	11, 1816
20th	“ —Mississippi	Dec.	10, 1817
21st	“ —Illinois	Dec.	3, 1818
22nd	“ —Alabama	Dec.	14, 1819
23rd	“ —Maine	March	15, 1820
24th	“ —Missouri	Aug.	10, 1821

Fourth Line of Stars.

25th	Star—Arkansas	June	15, 1836
26th	“ —Michigan	Jan.	26, 1837
27th	“ —Florida	March	3, 1845
28th	“ —Texas	Dec.	29, 1845
29th	“ —Iowa	Dec.	28, 1846

Fourth Line of Stars—Cont.

30th	Star—Wisconsin-----	May	29, 1846
31st	“ —California-----	Sept.	9, 1850
32nd	“ —Minnesota-----	May	11, 1858

Fifth Line of Stars.

33rd	Star—Oregon-----	Feb.	14, 1859
34th	“ —Kansas-----	Jan.	1, 1861
35th	“ —West Va.-----	June	19, 1863
36th	“ —Nevada-----	Oct.	31, 1864
37th	“ —Nebraska-----	March	1, 1867
38th	“ —Colorado-----	Aug.	1, 1876
39th	“ —North Dak.-----	Nov.	2, 1889
40th	“ —South Dak.-----	Nov.	2, 1889

Sixth Line of Stars.

41st	Star—Montana-----	Nov.	8, 1889
42nd	“ —Washington---	Nov.	11, 1889
43rd	“ —Idaho-----	July	3, 1890
44th	“ —Wyoming-----	July	10, 1890
45th	“ —Utah-----	Jan.	4, 1896
46th	“ —Oklahoma-----	Nov.	16, 1907
47th	“ —New Mexico---	Jan.	6, 1912
48th	“ —Arizona-----	Feb.	14, 1912

NARRATIVE XVII.

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The real American understands and appreciates his Government and his Flag. He realizes the necessity for the enforcement of its laws. To him his Country is an imperishable legacy entrusted to his keeping; his Flag typifies American ideals. He is thankful and unafraid. He is not ashamed to advocate an intense Americanism; an Americanism that declares America can best serve humanity by remaining America.

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NARRATIVE XVII.

THESE narratives would be incomplete did I not make an effort to honor the name of Francis Scott Key, the American poet, and author of "The Star Spangled Banner." He was born in Frederick County, Maryland, August 9th, 1780, and died at Baltimore, January 11th, 1843, at the age of 63.

His honored ashes rested in Green Mount Cemetery for several years, when friends and relatives recalled his desire "to sleep beneath the shade of the everlasting hills," and removed his remains to Mount Olivet Cemetery, Frederick, where they now rest.

Let every American recall the incidents responsible for the writing of this inspiring song of the Republic. Every child should know it; sing it; love it. None are too poor, too humble to do it reverence. Its words have eased the pain of battered bodies on a thousand fields of carnage. Its strains have intermingled with the cannon's roar. Its inspiring influence has dominated the peoples of every land. In unknown, unheard of corners of the earth, its sweet music has

awakened the dormant soul to action, and made possible a higher and better civilization.

Direct your imagination my friend to the memorable September night, when sixteen British vessels directed their fire against the gallant defenders of Fort McHenry. It began in the early dawn of the 13th of September and from that moment a veritable deluge of shot and shell fell upon the intrepid Americans. Every effort was made by both land and naval forces to annihilate these heroic men. Assault followed assault, and as darkness fell upon the scene, the British fleet determined to capture the fortification at any cost.

Attacked on all sides, the defeat of the gallant defenders seemed but a question of hours. The British regulars commanded by General Ross advanced along the North Point road. Still the Americans did not waver. All night long the fortunes of war rested first upon one and then upon the other. Favored by darkness the fleet again moved in and redoubled their efforts. The undaunted Americans replying, shell with shell, force with force.

It was during these doubtful hours, that Francis Scott Key, detained upon a vessel

closely guarded by the British, watched the ebb and flow of the battle through the long hours of the night. Would the morning ever come? The occasional bursting of a shell disclosed the fact that the Flag still floated above the battle din. How he prayed for victory. Every bursting shell renewed the hope that Fort McHenry withstood the terrific onslaught.

He may have feared for the safety of the city for he knew that British land forces contained the pick of Wellington's Army. The same that humbled Napoleon at Waterloo; the same that defeated the Americans at Bladensburg; the same who captured the City of Washington and destroyed both Capitol and White House.

It was a critical hour for the Republic. The defeat of our forces would probably endanger the very life of the nation. And so he waited with bated breath the passing of the night. His anxious eyes caught the first shaft of light as it raised from out the sea.

"See," he exclaimed, "see, it is still there, the Flag of my country. God be praised, it is still there."

It is well that every American worthy of the name should remember these prophetic

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words, for this inspiring moment gave to succeeding generations the anthem of liberty and justice.

Remember also that in spite of an unprecedented attack by land and sea, with unlimited supplies and a most determined effort, the men of Fort McHenry met and repulsed the enemy and saved the day.

As the morning sun burst through the hovering clouds of battle smoke, its welcomed rays illuminated the folds of your country's Flag, floating high above the shattered but victorious defenders.

This was the wonderful scene that met the eyes of Francis Scott Key. Inspired by the stirring experiences through which he passed, he drafted the song that endeared him to every lover of human liberty for all time. On the following day, September 14, he completed the poem. It was sung for the first time publicly at the Holiday Street Theatre and soon after was played by the United States Military Band stationed at New Orleans.

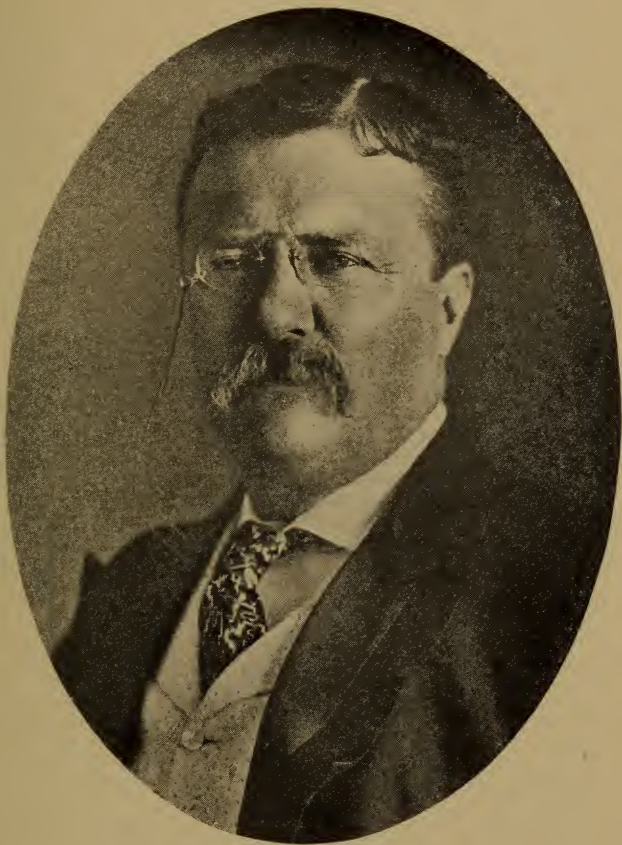
Above the grave of Francis Scott Key, I forever float, never removed except to be replaced by another. Although immortalized in song I beg you to keep forever green

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the name of the inspired author of "The Star Spangled Banner."

"Oh! Thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved home and war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: 'In God is our trust'
And 'The Star Spangled Banner' in truth shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

—FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, Sept. 14, 1814.



Theodore Roosevelt

NARRATIVE XVIII.

.....

*Defend, Oh citizen, the public school.
Promote and foster it, for it is the indis-
pensable foundation of our national great-
ness. Every son and daughter of the Re-
public is entitled to an education. Knowl-
edge strengthens the intellectual, moral
and commercial fibre of the masses. We
must make possible a more intelligent
citizen.*

.....

NARRATIVE XVIII.

I HAVE noticed with considerable alarm the lack of patriotic instruction in some of our public schools. In one of our institutions of learning an alien not eligible to citizenship, raises me daily during the school term to the peak of the staff. Would it not serve to impress the hundreds of pupils attending this particular educational institution, were I to be raised and lowered by the loving hands of sons and daughters of the Republic?

Such errors, unintentional perhaps, do not serve to awaken a reverence for me, the symbol of our government. Had the teachers of a generation ago exhibited a similar attitude, you would not retain so deep a regard for the principles represented in me.

Please note the number of times you will find me improperly displayed in some classroom, and over, or in front of, some school. I have noticed passers by frequently stop, and compassionately gaze at my ragged and forlorn appearance.

While I am aware that there exists in the Navy an unwritten law, that I should never

be washed, nevertheless I think it would be well to overlook this compliment and submit me to some process that would at least make me presentable. Unfortunately, I have on many occasions needed a bath, as badly as did some of the children.

They are taught to keep their faces, hands and bodies clean in order that they may command respect; so why not give me the same consideration? I can assure you that a dirty, torn, or faded flag of the United States, does not flatter the patriotic owner. Such a flag is not an impressive sight, and I sincerely hope an effort will be made to see that I am at least presentable when displayed.

I often thrill with pleasure and gratefulness when I behold a patriotic instructor, earnest enough to offer an inspiring lesson, and thus encourage children to love and serve me. It does not consume very much time to awaken the spark of patriotism that multiplies their knowledge of their relationship to the Flag of their Country. Make it possible for them to understand their indebtedness, not only to those who have gone before, but also to the glorious principles represented by my stars and stripes. Then, they will fully realize that their future suc-

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cess, happiness, prosperity, and safety, rests entirely in their understanding of me.

There are many well meaning citizens who insist upon referring to me as the "American Flag." This is, I presume, because they do not realize that there are several that might come under this heading. Do not forget the great Nation to the North is also a part of this continent. Then there is Mexico to the south, as well as Central and South America. This being the case, the question arises, when one refers to the "American" flag, which one is meant?

Numberless times I am called affectionately "Old Glory," "Stars and Stripes," "Flag of the Union," "Flag of Liberty," and similar patriotic titles. But my right name is "The Flag of the United States." And while I appreciate being referred to in this friendly manner, I would like to be addressed occasionally by my right name.

I believe the subject deserves serious attention, and I suggest that we go into the matter thoroughly. On the 14th of June, 1777, Congress adopted the following resolution:

"That the Flag of the United States be thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, and that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field."

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Again on January 13th, 1794 Congress passed, and the President signed the following act:

"Be it enacted, etc. That from and after the first day of May, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, the Flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white, and the Union be fifteen stars, in a blue field."

On the 14th of April, 1818, Congress made the following law:

"Section 1. Be it enacted etc. That from and after the 4th day of July next, the Flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white, that the Union have twenty stars in a blue field.

"Section 2. And be it further enacted that on the admission of every new State into the Union, one star be added to the Union of the Flag. And such addition shall take effect on the 4th of July that succeeding such admission."

This covers the legislation connected with my name, and while I am grateful for the many affectionate terms applied, I think it no more than right that I be addressed as often as possible by the name to which I am justly entitled, the Flag of the United States.

In spite of the fact that I am apt to be considered a common scold, I am determined to direct your attention to the abuses I have suffered. I believe that you will, my friend, make an effort to elevate me in the opinion

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of others. I plead for and hope to receive the co-operation of all instructors. There can be no evasion, no delay.

Your loyal effort will hasten the hour when I, the Flag of the United States, will receive at all times, and in all places, the consideration and respect due the recognized representative of all the people.

Let the school make the first and lasting impression upon the minds of the children. Tell them of my relationship to the Constitution. See to it that all boys and girls know why the Colonists desired to form a "more perfect Union." When this thought is thoroughly understood, drive home the idea that good citizenship begins with obedience to law and order.

See to it that chubby hands fondle my folds; see to it that all look upon me with reverence; see to it that the heart of advancing youth beats in harmony with hardiness and valor; purity and innocence; vigilance, perseverance and justice; see to this, and you at once create the foundation of a citizenship as loyal, as it must be fraternal; a citizenship that will forever stand the fearless advocate of a true manhood and womanhood. The product of your labor;

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your loyalty to the principles of self-government.

The first amendment to the Constitution of the United States offers an inspiring study; particular emphasis should be placed upon the right of the people to "peacefully assemble;" we must never forget that the power of the Government rests with the people. That the Constitution is constructive, not destructive, and at all times the people have the inalienable right to move and amend.

Therefore I beg of you to make every effort to encourage a practical patriotism. This will be the easier accomplished by an observance of the rules of conduct toward me the Flag of your Country.

Do not overlook the positive fact that the school is the keystone of American citizenship. Every girl and boy must recognize that there are such things as obedience and discipline, and that education is the ladder to mental, physical, commercial and moral achievement. Education is the enemy of illiteracy and intolerance. The school makes certain the students' relationship to the home, the church, the State, the Nation. With a proper regard for its tremendous in-

fluence, instructors will strengthen the love of country and create a citizenship ready and willing to defend the priceless heritage intrusted to our care.

NARRATIVE XIX.

.....

*Oh, Glorious Master of the World, loving
Father of all peoples everywhere, give me,
the Flag of the United States, strength to
triumph over them who rise against thee.
Give me also charity, that I may forgive
mine enemies. Give me power, that I may
insure eternal peace. Cause me to be borne
on high, above them who would destroy
me, and gather beneath my folds all peo-
ple who desire to serve their God, their
Country and their Flag.*

.....

NARRATIVE XIX.

AS MY narratives draw to a close, I insist that you do not lose sight of the immutable truth, that God actually inspired the founding of the American Republic. You must not forget that it was His gracious will that this government, the United States of America, should become the defender of religious and political liberty.

The first historical reference to the colors Red, White and Blue is found in the Holy Bible. Let me refresh your memory. When our Lord gave the "Ten Commandments" together with the "Book of Laws" to Moses, they were immediately placed in the "Ark of the Covenant" within the Tabernacle. This notable structure was made of "ten curtains of fine linen, blue and purple and scarlet."

"Moreover, thou shalt make the Tabernacle with ten curtains of fine linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet." (Exodus xxvi)

This is positively the first reference found that associates the colors now known to us, as our own Red, White and Blue.

The proof that God's right hand rested upon the young Republic can be found in

the desire of the founders of this Government to recognize His supremacy.

It was the one thought that actuated the Pilgrim Fathers to sail uncharted seas in order that they might find a land where they could openly and freely serve the Master.

From the landing of the "Mayflower" in 1620, until this hour, the Church has multiplied our love for the home. The home is and ever will be the founder; yes, the defender of society; and the Church, the corner stone of the home, is the hope and the salvation of the nation.

Weaken the Church, and you weaken the character of the citizen. Weaken the citizen and you destroy the home. Destroy the home and you demolish society. We must not, dare not, neglect God. The Church must ever remain our inspiration and guide.

Let me, the Flag of the United States, admonish you to be faithful to the teachings of God's selected servants. Multiply your desire to serve your fellow man; let patriotism prevail among you in order that you can the more appreciate the full significance of Justice and Equality.

Examine my crimson bars. Do they not remind you of Him who gave His only be-

gotten Son in order that civilization might be saved? Do not my stars recall the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, the Steward of God, the lowly teacher of men?

Visualize the Pilgrim Fathers as they subscribed to the first civic document declaring for human liberty. Repeat with me its introductory paragraph, "In ye name of Almighty God, Amen."

Throughout the years of suffering and doubt; of blood and death; of sacrifice and misery, our faith in God has never wavered. Remember then, my most solemn admonition, in your prosperity or poverty you must be loyal to the Church.

Andrew Jackson once declared, "The bible is the rock upon which the Republic rests."

During the writing of the Constitution of the United States, Benjamin Franklin proposed that, each session be opened with prayer, "Because," he said, "I have lived a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs the affairs of man."

Daniel Webster eloquently affirmed, "If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible, our country will go on prospering,

and continue to prosper; but if we in our prosperity neglect its instruction and authority, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm and bury our glory in profound obscurity."

Theodore Roosevelt spoke this truth: "Even men who are not professedly religious, must, if they are frank, admit no community can be permanently prosperous, either morally or materially, unless the Church is a real and vital element in community life."

Support the Church, men and women of the United States, and through that support, strengthen your faith in the Master. Let His house be your house; His word, the corner stone of your individual, as well as your national life.

Support the Church; believe in it; become an earnest member of it; acknowledge your personal relationship to it; and by percept and example make yourself a worthy citizen of the Republic.

Support the Church; and so live that others will respect and honor you, because you are of the Church. Teach your children to respect and love it; help them to understand that the Church is the constant in-

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centive for good, and the invincible foe of evil.

The Church is responsible for my birth, and I have been dedicated to the principles of Liberty and Justice. Support the Church and society will be made the stronger because of its presence. The Church is the consolation of those who suffer; the staff of those who are weak; the foundation of the strong, and the salvation of the human race.

ADDENDA

.....

With renewed determination let your lives be consecrated to God, your Country and your Flag. Redouble your effort, Oh, citizen. Make certain by your action the fruition of exalted purpose. Become the vigorous defender of the One Government making possible the highest aspirations of a Free, Happy and Benevolent people.

.....

ADDENDA.

AND NOW my friend, in this final moment, may I hope you feel the better for knowing me. May I hope that you will become a part of me, that you will love me and in loving serve.

For I am the Flag of the United States.

I believe you have recognized my right to speak, not alone in my defense, but in defense of the sacred rights guaranteed to every defender of self-government.

I believe you will agree with me when I declare it is the duty of every citizen worthy the name to become familiar with the incidents connected with my birth, growth and progress. I am sure you will recognize the necessity of knowing the rules of conduct toward me, in order to insure my proper care and protection.

It is evident, I hope, that an intimate acquaintance with me, will rekindle the the smouldering fires of patriotism and create a more intense reverence for our country.

You will, I am sure, more deeply appreciate me, when you realize that I am the

one flag that has never known defeat. And that I am the recognized symbol of purity and innocence; hardiness and valor; vigilance, perseverance and justice.

I am the constant reminder of your responsibilities. I continually call upon you to deal squarely with your fellow man. To do unto others, as you would be done by. To serve God; obey the law and live clean upright lives. I repeatedly call to you bidding you remember the vast army of men and women, who cheerfully gave their lives and fortunes, that I might live.

To know me is to appreciate the things for which I stand; to appreciate me, reflects your love and loyalty.

At sight of me, does not your heart thrill with patriotic emotion? Do I at all times receive your confidence and respect? Have I not served to awaken within your heart a desire for good citizenship? Do you know how to use and care for me? If so, take me, hold me to your breast; I am safe in your embrace.

But, if you are self centered, selfish, with no thought, no care for others, you will then have need to know and understand. Let me be your instructor; let me teach you the

blessings represented in me. Let me appeal to your manhood and womanhood. Let me direct your feet to God, and in His house learn the law of Right not Might. Let my stars and stripes encircle your homes and the children there. Allow me to be the invincible defender of Free-speech and Press. Let me remain what I have been from birth, the blessed harbinger of Peace and Equality.

But woe, woe unto him who dares to desecrate, repudiate, or villify my memory. Thrice accursed shall be the hand that seeks my destruction. When I fall in defeat, gone, forever gone, are the liberties of all people for all time. Gone are the foundations of society, of self-government. Gone the priceless memories of the past. Gone our self-respect; our faith; our loyalty; our right to live. For amid the crumbling ruins of the Republic will be found the hopes; the dreams; the aspirations of a once happy people.

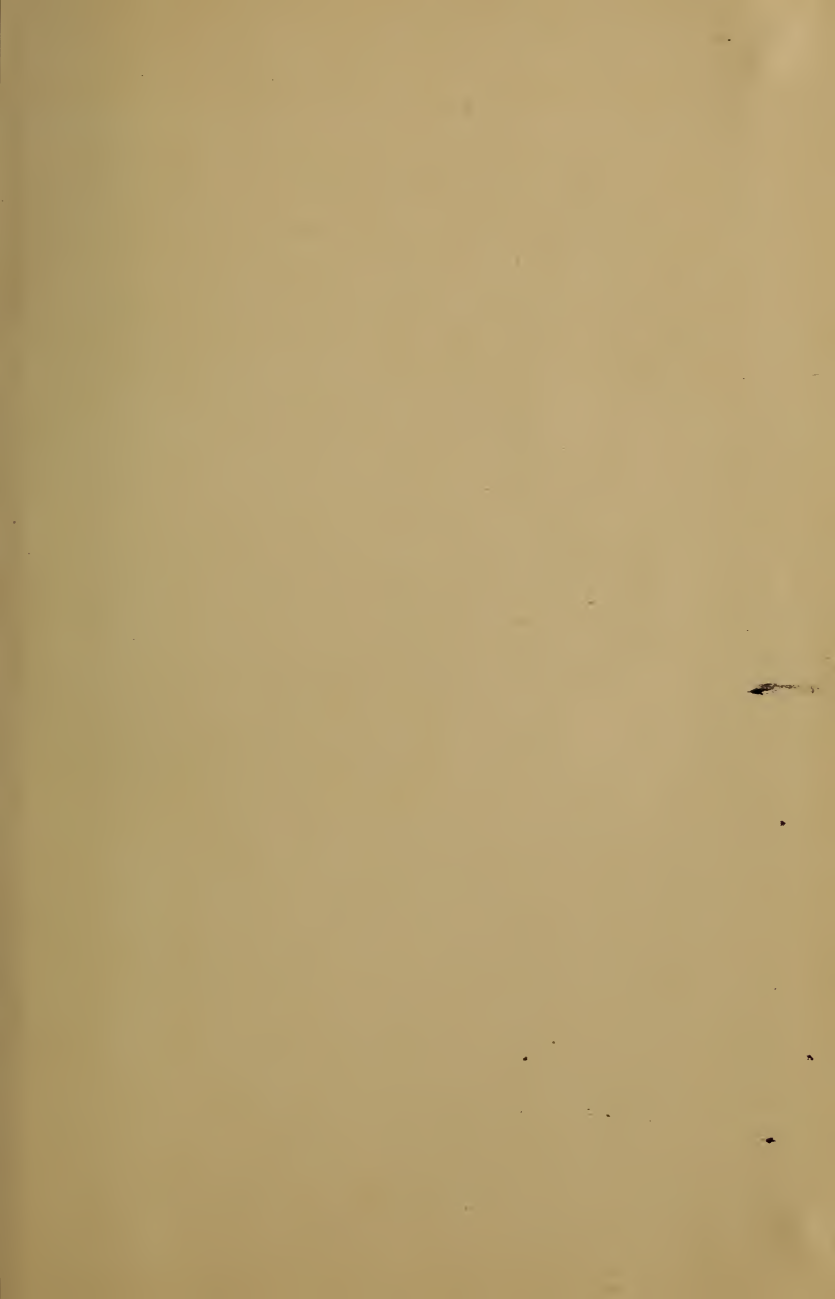
Renew, I beg of you, this day, nay, this hour, your allegiance to me. Study me; know me; serve me; appreciate me. Yes my friend, love me. Stand as ready to respect and defend me as you would your own prosperity, your honor. Cheerfully accept the

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responsibilities of a courageous citizenship. Be kind; be tolerant; be true; give unto your neighbor only what you would demand for yourself. And with Justice for all and Enmity toward none, strive to make the United States, not the richer, but the better for your having lived.



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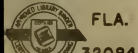
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